

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE DECLINE IN THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.

UNDER this heading a pamphlet of 143 pages has been published by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. It contains the results of an enquiry which has been conducted by Mr. R. H. Rew, whose very great interest in this question is well known. A circular was sent round to the agricultural correspondents of the Board, and the answers given to the questions contained in it are summarised and classified. The pamphlet would have a considerable value were it only for this, that it states the facts with an accuracy which only those in an official position could attain to. If we take the period between 1881 and 1901 we find that there has been a slight decrease in the number of farmers and graziers, which would seem to show that, despite all the efforts made to multiply the number of small holdings, they have really been on the decrease. There is a considerable increase in the number of farm bailiffs and foremen, perhaps to be accounted for by the quantity of land now farmed by the owners. There has also been an increase in the number of shepherds, which would follow as a natural consequence of changing so much land from arable into pasture. But the great feature of the table is the vast decrease shown in the number of agricultural labourers. They totalled close upon 1,000,000 in 1881, but in one decade they fell off to the extent of 117,376, and in the next decade to the extent of 177,251. Thus, on the whole, there would seem to be an accelerating rate of decline, amounting now to the very large proportion of 20 per cent. That the movement is still proceeding seems beyond doubt. Mr. Rew's conclusion is that "since 1901 there has been some further reduction in the number of men employed on farms, but that the diminution is proceeding at a slower rate than during the ten or twenty years preceding that date." Another point to which he directs attention in his preliminary statement is the disappearance of the casual labourer. In the English village of twenty-five or thirty years ago there used to be a number of half-employed people, many of whom, as far as our own recollection goes, belonged to the class of amusing "ne'er-do-wells." Under modern circumstances these seem to have been almost completely eliminated from country life. So much must have been apparent to any observer, but Mr. Rew tells us that from almost every county the reply is received that there is a greater reduction of

casual than of permanent labour. Even the Irishmen who used to come over in bands have ceased to find the regular visit profitable, and this seems to be true of every district in England, though one or two Scotch counties still entertain these bands of workers. In his general examination Mr. Rew takes the year 1870 as a starting-point, at which period there was in many country districts a superfluity of labour, so that in those days a decrease was to be welcomed rather than otherwise. In the ten years that followed farming was very prosperous. The assessment of "lands" under Schedule A. in Great Britain, which is now £42,000,000, was then nearly £60,000,000. The average price of wheat was never below 45s. per quarter, and in the early period of the decade ranged between 55s. and 60s. From 1879 onwards, however, a great change became apparent. When the depression set in it became absolutely necessary that the farmer, if he wished to keep his head above water, should cut down his labour bill. Prices fell in such an extraordinary way, owing to the enormous importation of foreign-grown agricultural products, that it was no longer possible to obtain the slightest margin of profit on the old easy-going way of farming. Many, of course, succumbed altogether, but those who survived directed all their energy and attention to the most effective methods of doing with less labour than formerly. One of these was the familiar one of turning arable land into pasture. Mr. Rew estimates that the loss of 2,000,000 acres of arable land in Great Britain between 1881 and 1901 probably threw from 60,000 to 80,000 labourers out of work. Then, again, the farmer looked about him for all kinds of labour-saving machinery. One of the correspondents of the Board of Agriculture observes that the use of self-binders has practically done away with at least three-fourths of the extra staff that used to be required for harvesting operations. And in the other work of the farm attention was just as vigilantly directed to any contrivance that would replace manual labour. The use of drills, horse-hoes, mowers, binders, manure distributors and the like conduce to lessen the demand for labour. On the other hand, for some farms more workmen were required. In the same period the number of our milk cows increased by nearly 500,000, and this pointed to a wide extension of the practice of dairying, and particularly of milk selling. The introduction of the centrifugal separator in 1889 and other improvements in machinery have not materially affected the fact that milking is still done by hand. The use of the milking machine has never been such a conspicuous success as to affect perceptibly the demand for milkers. Further, the extension of fruit-growing has created a demand for hands, as intensive cultivation must always be done by manual labour. No implements that have yet been applied to it tend to decrease the number of men required, although they add greatly to the efficiency of horticultural operations.

When we turn from the demand to the supply, we are confronted with the fact that, greatly as the former has been lowered, the falling off in the supply has more than kept pace with it, so that, in spite of the fact that he needs fewer helpers, the farmer has increasing difficulty in obtaining them. Many reasons for this are run over by Mr. Rew in his comprehensive statement. There is a shortage of cottage accommodation reported from thirty counties. Mr. Rew points out that the complaint is not so much of the insufficient number of cottages as of their bad accommodation. The standard of comfort has been raised among rural labourers as among every other class, and "they are not now contented with the accommodation which previous generations placidly accepted." He points out that as a part of the labourer's wage is paid in house rent the demand for better cottages is simply an equivalent to a demand for an increase of wages. But when all is said and done, what makes the labourer desire to leave the land chiefly is the lack of an incentive to remain. At about twenty-one years of age he has learned all that he can learn on the farm, and probably has risen as high in his employment as he will ever have a chance of rising. He is not content with this—probably there was no time when he was so, as from the fourteenth century down to the present moment the rural labourer has continually shown a desire to leave the land for the town. But the witchery of commercial life never was more potent than it is to-day, and what is more to the point, it never was so easily satisfied.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Malmesbury with her little daughter. Lady Malmesbury is a daughter of Lord Calthorpe, and her marriage to the Earl of Malmesbury took place in 1905.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES.

**C**ATTLE SHOW WEEK has been favoured with exceptionally suitable weather this year, and the visitors with whom London has been thronged must have had the impression of approaching Christmas implanted very distinctly on their minds. The shop windows are full of presents suitable to the time of year, and the streets are humming with crowds of purchasers, whose appearance betokens pleasing prosperity and absence of care. These are no insignificant additions to the attractions of the Cattle Show, which, as our report shows, is one of the best attended on record. We must all join in congratulating His Majesty on his brilliant success. Among his other distinctions he has gained that of being the leading farmer in Great Britain. This is the more gratifying inasmuch as the King has been a very regular visitor to the Cattle Show since it was first instituted in 1862. In the present year His Majesty has an extraordinary list of awards. They include five championship cups, four breed cups, ten firsts, three seconds and four thirds. No other stock-owner in the United Kingdom could have made so splendid a display.

Regret will be general that Lord Carrington was unable to carry out his intention of receiving the farmers at Whitehall on Tuesday in Cattle Show Week. It was an excellent idea, which we trust will be acted upon in future years, but the weather was the culprit which prevented Lord Carrington from appearing on this occasion. He was attacked by a severe bronchial cold which confined him to his room. In his absence Sir Edward Strachey, Sir T. Elliott, and Mr. R. Winfrey, M.P., met the many farmers who came to take advantage of Lord Carrington's invitation, and although there were no set speeches, Sir Edward Strachey answered many enquiries addressed to him in regard to the Land Tenure Bill, the Crown Lands Act and other measures which affect agriculture. Still, with Lord Carrington absent, it was something like the play of "Hamlet" deprived of the Prince of Denmark, and we earnestly hope for the President of the Board of Agriculture a speedy recovery, and the health and disposition next year to meet the farmers in informal conclave.

One of the most luscious of Christmas fruits in Covent Garden Market is the orange from Jamaica, which is in so much demand that the prices are maintained at a high level. The growing of oranges in Jamaica is becoming one of the industries, so to speak, of that fair land, and their freshness and juiciness are due to the careful handling and packing of the fruits and the excellent conditions under which they are shipped. Cases of the same size are used, and the fruit is graded with the utmost care, some cases containing eighty fruits, others as many as 120. It is this same grading that commands the respect of the Covent Garden merchant, who knows exactly what to expect.

Probably we shall miss the best lesson which we might learn from the recent exhibition of Colonial-grown fruit at the Horticultural Hall in Vincent Square, if it does not teach us that we might do a great deal better than we are doing with our own home-grown apples. Although immense progress has been made during the last ten years, there are still thousands of acres in England, especially in the fine apple counties of the West, planted with ancient trees bearing a wretched little fruit, which we could not without shame place beside the products of British Columbia, for instance. It is not altogether the climate—for which, of course, no science can make amends—that is the reason why the Colonial fruit is so wonderfully superior to that

which our ordinary orchards produce. The reason is rather because we have gone on working too long in the old way, have not kept our orchards up to date, have allowed old-fashioned trees to cumber the ground instead of clearing them to make room for the best new kinds; because, in fact, as Lord Rosebery once put it, of our inveterate national habit of "muddling on."

The question of mildew in gooseberry plants has turned out to be very troublesome, as the county councils have not sufficient powers to check the propagation of the disease. Each council can do something within its own borders, but the nurseryman who is selling gooseberry bushes to a customer in an adjoining county is not under their control. Indeed, we doubt if there are any means of checking the importation of diseased bushes into this country. The experience of the Worcestershire County Council is a case in point, and what has happened opens up a wide field of action. We have on previous occasions dwelt on the laxity with which trees and plants are admitted into this country. It seems likely in the future that we shall have to take a lesson from France, where the ravages of the phylloxera have compelled the authorities to keep a vigilant eye on plants and seedlings that are either brought into the country or shipped from one district to another.

### THE HILLS OF DREAM.

My thoughts are like a flock of sheep  
That roam the hills of dream;  
I lead them through the fields of Sleep,  
And by her mystic stream;  
They wander where the night is deep,  
And stars of Faëry gleam.

I feed them on the rainbow flowers,  
And on the secret dews;  
They stray beneath the haunted towers  
That, woven of sunset hues,  
Have chambers of enchanted hours  
For wandering dreams to use.

When I bring home my flock of sheep,  
Their fleeces are of gold,  
All hung about with pearls of sleep  
And fair enchantments old,  
Strange things of Beauty that I keep  
In my heart's inner fold.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

Several valuable lessons may be drawn from the butter analysis which we publish this week. One of the most important is that the public has very little guarantee for the purity of butter. We cannot consider that the analysis of Irish butter ought to stand as a fair description of the product of Irish dairies. The sample had obviously been tampered with. On a future occasion we hope to subject butter directly obtained from the dairies to the analyst, and this will be a fairer test. In the meantime it is useful to know that even in the best shops it is possible that a "renovated" may be sold for a natural butter. Another deduction from Mr. Lloyd's report is that these foreign butters are not in every case as good as they are claimed to be by their supporters. It might have been assumed that from the sources from which we obtained the samples they would represent the very best butter procurable, but the fact is that one, though good of its kind, is not equal to English butter, while the other is distinctly inferior. But it is plain that it is the palate of the consumer that requires education. Many even of those who are, in a general way, particular about their food, accept as butter the substance that is so named by their grocer, and few, indeed, are able to discriminate between exquisitely fine butter and that which is only passably good. Were this not the case the demand for English butter would be much greater.

In the newly-published report issued by the Board of Education, attention is directed to a very curious weakness. The examiners for the King's scholarship examination complain strongly of the lack of knowledge of English on the part of the candidates. The report says that all the examiners alike complain that the candidates cannot understand the meaning of the questions set, and nearly all notice as the most salient features the ignorance of the mother tongue, the almost universal lack of clear exposition, and the slovenliness of the style. These are very grave faults, especially as they are combined, as the examiners say, with very gross ignorance of the English classics. It would be more easy to remedy the defect in style than the lack of reading. After all, any child of ordinary intelligence may be taught at least to write correctly. The most effective method of teaching him to write correctly is to oblige him to begin by using very short sentences. Where there is only a simple subject and a simple predicate there is not much room for error, and if a child were from the beginning taught to make its statements in this simple and unqualified

manner, we should have less complaints of the kind that figure so prominently in the report of the Board of Education. We doubt if any other accomplishment is so useful in after life as the power of condensed and lucid expression. The graces and beauties of style cannot be taught. They come only to those who have the literary instinct, and it is curious to notice how very seldom they have been developed by members of the teaching profession.

As one reads the evidence of various witnesses given before the Commission appointed to enquire into the very serious subject of coast erosion, the chief point that strikes one is perhaps the extremely elementary and obvious nature of the advice which they have to offer with regard to the works to be constructed for the prevention of the waste. To one conclusion, however, all the evidence seems to tend, namely, that in order to prevent loss of money through ignorant local efforts the preventative measures should be taken in hand either by the Board of Trade or by some other central authority. An exceptionally interesting point was made incidentally by Mr. A. E. Carey in referring to the work which is done by men provided by the Unemployed Committee. He gave evidence to the effect that at first these men were, as a rule, very inefficient because of physical weakness, but after six months or so of work at the groynes or other constructions, their physique and stamina improved so greatly that they became quite useful workers. In answer to an enquiry from the chair, he said that in his opinion fully 50 per cent. of the unemployed in big cities might become capable workers for the purposes of coast defence.

Lord Rosebery on Monday night addressed some very frank language to his countrymen on the subject of Burns and the Auld Brig of Ayr. Once in every twelvemonth they break out into an extraordinary idolatry of the national poet of Scotland, but Lord Rosebery's complaint is that, in spite of this enthusiasm, they are in danger of allowing the Auld Brig of Ayr to go to destruction simply because there is not enough zeal among them "to muster the money to keep it standing." Under the circumstances Lord Rosebery's language cannot be described as too strong when he said that the disappearance of the bridge "would be nothing less than dishonour." He more than hinted that there was a good deal of cant about the love of Burns, as must be allowed when the length of time it has taken to raise the money is considered. Lord Rosebery will, we are sure, not suffer in the estimation of his countrymen for his outspoken and manly speech.

Our illustrations of Exeter Cathedral will help those who have read the correspondence in *The Times*, between the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Dean, to understand the question more easily. Professor Lethaby's article which accompanies the illustrations gives most valuable, and new, archaeological information, by pointing out that Exeter Cathedral was partially fortified. It is, of course, not an unknown thing for churches to be fortified, for they are frequently to be found on the borders of Wales, and Ewenny Priory, near Bridgend, is a fine example, but probably no other instance exists of a fortified cathedral church. Professor Lethaby's remarks about the sculpture are also valuable on account of the special attention which he has given to Mediæval sculpture generally.

The restoration work at Exeter Cathedral creates a difficulty in many minds, because it is not generally known that great advances have been made in the work of repairing our ancient buildings in recent years. It has been found that defective walls could be strengthened when working upon the same principle as that employed for under-pinning. In this way the defective core of many an ancient wall has been entirely renewed, by doing it little by little. If those who are interested in the subject, without having special knowledge, will test the stonework of the next building they come across where the stonework is decaying, they will find that they can cut away the surface with a pocket-knife, but that they will, in most cases, not get more than half an inch into the stone before they come to virgin material, and that in the very worst case 2in. will be the limit. It was found by workers of recent times that ancient work which had been coated with limewash was preserved, where adjacent work uncoated had decayed, and this led to the method of stopping decay by the application of lime, and it was further found that lime dissolved in boiling water was more effective than when cold water was used for slacking. Some of our leading chemists have turned their attention to this question of preserving stone, with the result that the stonework of Westminster Chapter House has been saved, and the Bell Harry Tower at Canterbury and the Chichester Bell Tower are both being treated under the advice of chemists. Beyond this much can be done by the use of lead coverings, copper rivets, stopping materials for cracks, etc.—indeed, by working much as the skilful dentist works, who will not abandon an old tooth so long as there is anything to save.

In the course of the last month our country has become the poorer by the loss of several of its most eminent women workers. To their number must now be added that of Miss Louisa Hubbard, who did so much to enlist ladies of culture in the education of pupils in elementary schools and in other ways helped to inaugurate the new spirit of energy and zeal for occupation which only became characteristic of her sex towards the close of the nineteenth century. A more recent loss also is that of the senior sister of the All Saints' Sisterhood, Sister Elise, who has worked all her life among the poor, from the age of nineteen. For services rendered to the sick and wounded in the Franco-Prussian War she received the decoration of the Iron Cross. It is not often, happily, that so many feminine names of interest have to be entered on the death-roll within so brief a time.

#### THE DECEMBER MOON.

In dim December eves when the snow-wind stirs,  
The young moon lies in the arms of the dusky firs;  
The tear-dewed birchen tresses softly sway,  
And even the gnarled oaks in their garb of grey  
Stretch out gaunt arms the baby-moon to hold,  
In its robes of rosy gold!

So in dark hearts may heaven-sent radiance shine,  
And sombre lives be roused by a light divine;  
And roughest arms and weary hands and old,  
May be out-held, the young bright Love to fold,  
Even as in dusky firs, when the snow-wind sighs,  
The new moon cradled lies.

Even as the dew-wet birches heave and sway  
To its joyous gleam at the close of a dreary day,  
So sordid lives and grief-worn hearts may wake  
In glad surprise the sweet new Love to take,  
And tear-filled eyes shall childlike Love behold  
In its robes of rosy gold!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

At the last meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club, Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, the Director of the Royal Scottish Museum, contributed some surprising facts with regard to the geographical distribution of the Arctic tern (*Sterna mæura*), inasmuch as he exhibited specimens which had been taken by the members of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in the Weddell Sea and off the Antarctic Continent, where large numbers were obtained as far South as 74deg. Thus this species is now known to range from 82deg. N. in summer to 74deg. S., or more, in our winter, and this can be said of no other bird. Mr. Eagle Clarke also exhibited two birds new to the British fauna—a Siberian chiffchaff (*Phylloscopus tristis*) from Suliskerry, thirty-three miles West of Orkney, obtained on September 26th, 1902; and an adult red-rumped swallow (*Hirundo rufula*) obtained at Fair Isle on June 2nd, 1906. These birds were among the prizes secured by Mr. Eagle Clarke during his investigations into the migratory movements of birds at Fair Isle during the autumns of 1905-6. The passages of some ninety species were observed, and specimens of a number of rare birds were obtained, thus showing that we have by no means exhausted our knowledge of British birds, and, further, that these shores are annually visited by more species than is generally suspected.

The final score of one try apiece at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last represented fairly enough the play of England and South Africa on that afternoon. It was a great game, marred only by an injury to one of the visitors, which lost them a man during the last 25min. In physique and pace there was little to choose between the two fifteens. The South Africans beat us in sharp hard passing at knee level, and also in gathering and taking the greasy ball. This should not be. A man is not picked for All England to fumble even on the wettest day. However, there was no fumbling about the English tackling, which was a delight to watch after the sorry displays given last year. The saving still leaves a good deal to be desired. There is not that instantaneous drop on the ball so necessary to stem a rush of opposing forwards. We make these criticisms because the standard of play has been set too low of late years. The game can be played far better, and this match proved it in several ways; and if there is improvement on the lines we have indicated, we can look forward to the next visit of either New Zealanders or South Africans without any undue anxiety.

The proposal to restore Holyrood Chapel has caused considerable anxiety to all lovers of ancient buildings. Last September an announcement was made that the Earl of Leven and Melville, by a codicil to his will, gave instructions to his trustees to apply a sum not exceeding £40,000 to repairing and restoring the chapel at Holyrood Palace, to be used as a chapel for the Order of the Thistle, of which he was a member. The bequest was conditional on Lord Balcarras and Sir John Stirling-Maxwell being willing to supervise the carrying out of the work. A report, made by Professor Lethaby, has now been published,

giving a careful description of the building, from which it is perfectly clear that Lord Balcarras and Sir John Stirling-Maxwell could not possibly act in the matter. The walls are out of the perpendicular and badly decayed, and, from the size of the ruin, it is clear that the sum named would be inadequate, for the cost would be as great as that of erecting a new building. Professor Lethaby says: "I am of opinion that it would be impossible to restore the ruin for use as a modern chapel, without the ancient

architecture almost completely disappearing in the process." The ruin possesses the finest (next to the famous one at Lincoln Cathedral) thirteenth century doorway in Great Britain, and therefore it is a ruin of priceless value; but from the report it is obvious that the ruins are in need of constant care and attention, which, we trust, it will be in the power of His Majesty's Office of Works to give. All will be relieved to learn that Holyrood Chapel is not to be "restored."

## RESTORATION WORK AT EXETER CATHEDRAL.

THIS noble church, excepting its two great Norman towers, was in building from about 1275 to 1350. During this time the work was in constant progress. First the Lady Chapel was erected, then the parts about the high altar, and afterwards the choir, the crossing and the east bay of the nave. This last division was finished about 1318; and then Bishop Stapledon took up the fittings of the choir and presbytery in the hope of consecrating this part of the work.

Bishop Stapledon, who was treasurer to the unpopular Edward II., was killed during a rising in London, while he was residing at Exeter House in the Strand. Although his splendid choir was not yet dedicated, it is evident, from the fabric accounts of the church, that he had already projected, and made some provision for, the new nave. His violent death was particularly tragic in regard to his work at the church. For years he had lavished money and energy on its structure, rich stained glass and especially beautiful fittings, and the day for consecrating it must have been close at hand. His successor, Berkeley, only held the see for a few months. Grandison, who then became bishop, consecrated the eastern half of the church in 1328, soon after his accession.

Grandison, Exeter's most famous bishop, was a member of a family of European reputation, which took its name from Granson, on the Lake of Neuchatel, a castle to which I once made a pilgrimage in remembrance of our bishop. Entering on

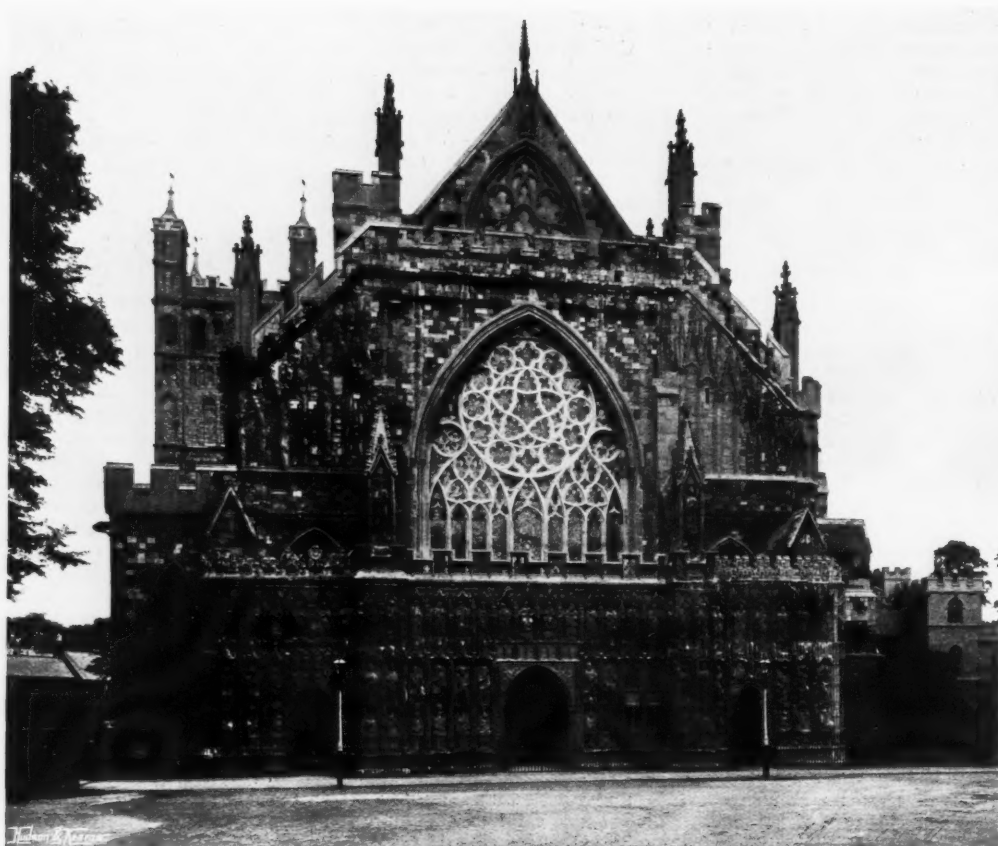
the work of the see at a troubled time, he soon established order, and triumphantly completed the cathedral, which he reported to the Pope was to be one of the most beautiful on this side of the Alps. Referring to his accession Dr. Oliver says: "In the beginning our bishop had many difficulties. General consternation had taken hold of men's minds, a want of confidence prevailed throughout the nation; the fate of Stapledon, the plunder of the episcopal manors, the neglect of the farms, the confusion of accounts, were considerations sufficient to appal a mind less stout and energetic than his." The nave was hardly begun on his accession, and the structure he was to rear throws, I think, a most interesting sidelight upon the history of the time. Although I have never seen it pointed out, the aisles of the nave are fortified. There is a double parapet with an outer walk, and also a sheltered space between the vaulting of the interior and the aisle roof, having its outer wall pierced with loopholes. Grandison pressed on the work of the nave so that in 1338 it was nearly ready for the roof, and it must have been substantially completed, together with the west wall and window, about 1340. The richly sculptured frontispiece forming the lower part of this façade was erected as a separate work about 1340-50. Bishop Grandison died in 1369, and was buried in a remarkable little chapel hidden in the thickness of the west wall. It was a common custom in the Middle Ages for a bishop to be buried in, or near, his special work. This romantic wall, with



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WEST FRONT, SHOWING IMAGERY AND CANOPY WORK.

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H. W. Bennett. WEST FRONT—THE NEW WORK IN THE GREAT WINDOW.

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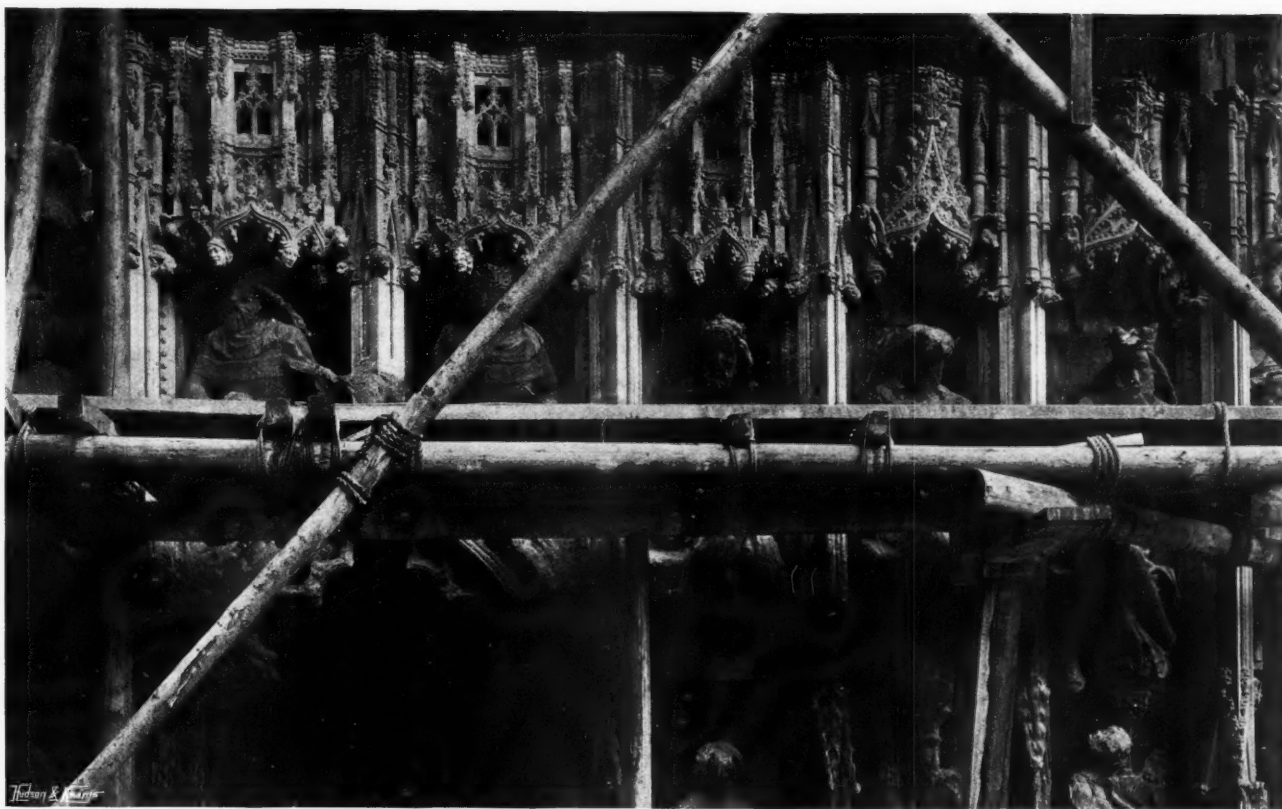
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WEST FRONT BEFORE RESTORATION.

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its sculptured images, is in a peculiar sense Grandison's front, almost his monument. It is possible to say with some degree of certainty who was the architect of this beautiful work. We know from printed extracts from the fabric accounts that a Master Thomas the Mason was chief of the works in 1338. A year or two ago I was allowed, by the kindness of the Dean, to examine a few of the MS. rolls of accounts written about the time the nave was begun. In a roll for 1319-20 I found the name of Master Thomas as being then in charge of the works, and it is therefore probable that this master was the architect from the beginning of the nave to its completion, and that he also designed the image-wall. The date of the substantial completion of this work, usually called the western screen, is indicated by an entry in the fabric rolls for the glazing of the little windows of the chapel in which Grandison was to be buried later. On closely examining the sculptures of the front it is evident that the angels which form the lowest tier of all are so incorporated with the work that they must have been put in place as it was erected. As to the other images, there are two distinct types. About a dozen of the tier above the angels belong, like them, to the early work. The others, and the whole of the upper tier, are later by at least a generation. What could have been the reason for this delay in the completion of the front? We find the cause, I think, in the great plague of 1348-49, the Black Death, which is referred to even in the fabric rolls of the church, which mention legacies and burials *tempore mortalitatis*.

The statues of the row immediately above the angels are mostly of kings. From their situation we may be sure that they ranked as saints, and, following the analogy of the kings on the west front of Wells Cathedral, they were probably for the most part English royal saints. The knight to the right of the door is likely to be St. George, as was suggested by Dr. Oliver many years ago, from the cross on the breast of the statue. His cult came into special prominence as patron of England at about this time, when St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was also erected. The king's image on the left of the door might well be Edward the Confessor, the other patron of England, and special benefactor, almost founder, of Exeter Cathedral. The upper tier had in the midst the Coronation of the Virgin (the Virgin's figure is destroyed), and on either side the twelve Apostles and four Evangelists, all of whom can be severally identified, and sixteen Prophets. Here and there a trace of colour can be seen, and Dr. Oliver records how the whole was brightly



H. W. Bennett.

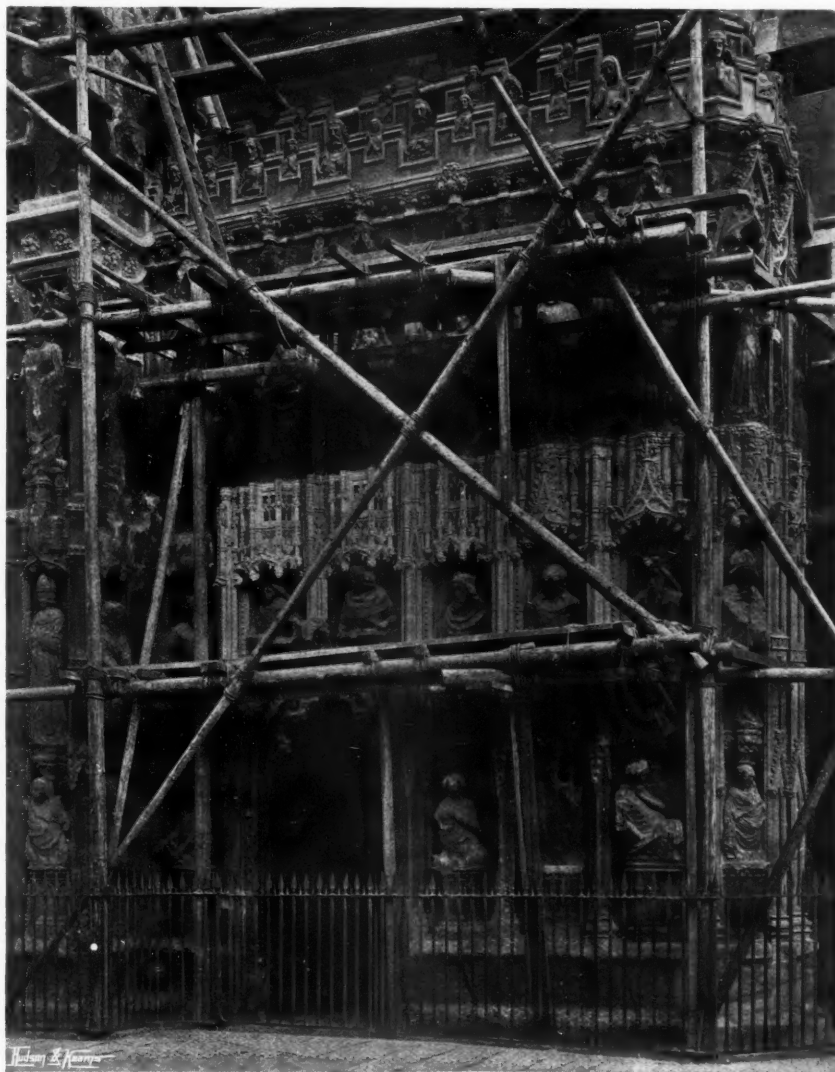
NEW FOURTEENTH CENTURY CANOPIES—WEST FRONT.

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painted and gilt. The interior of the church went through the process of thorough restoration about 1870, but the exterior was hardly touched. As late as 1878 Mr. Worth, in a small volume entitled "Exeter Cathedral and its Restoration," says: "The beautiful exterior of the Cathedral remains undisturbed by any gloss of newness." This is far from being the case at the present time, and a very considerable gloss of newness has spread from point to point, but more particularly on the west front; and within the last year or two the marvellous, though weather-beaten, canopy-work which forms the setting for the statues has been attacked. The upper gable and pinnacles, and a great deal of the battlemented parapet and of the wall panelling to the right of the great window, have been renewed. So also appears to have been the window itself. I say "appears to have been," for it is disputed whether this noble window should be described as new or as half new. The facts are, I believe, that the whole external face of the stonework has been renewed. The glazing also, which contained some interesting fragments of the original fourteenth century stained glass, among

work mostly of the eighteenth century, has been replaced by modern glass. (Were the fourteenth century fragments put back or preserved?)

The window, then, appears to be entirely new so far as it is part of the exterior. Whatever fraction of the stone work remains must, I think, be in the interior of the church. The whole front, indeed, is well on the way to become as up-to-date as money, enthusiasm and good intentions can make it. I have tried to suggest the historical background to the questions raised by such procedure. These old stones, the very ones set in place by Grandison and his masons, are being cut out and replaced by new conjectural versions before our eyes and long before the story that they might tell has been fully deciphered. Then, again, there is the question of beauty. In a work of art almost everything depends on its homogeneity and authenticity; it may be a fragment, but we must feel no doubt about its being what it professes to be. And so it comes about that imitative restorations are at once the most faultful from the point of view of history and from that of beauty. Again, such works as the renewal of the canopies above the statues must be injurious to the stability



H. W. Bennett.

THE PROCESS OF RENEWAL

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of the monument. The weathering of such ornamental features is of no account to the body of the structure; but the necessarily violent cutting out of huge stones to a sufficient depth to bond in the new material must disturb the coherence of the ancient masonry. In fact, it is hardly ever necessary to contemplate dealing thus with ornamental features for the very reason that they are, for the most part, non-structural. If, after everything has been tried in the way of ingenious stoppings and splicings and covering with lead, and the like, copings and buttress-slopes must be replaced, this is quite a different matter.

Years ago, when one new statue was nearly all that disturbed the wonderful appeal of this old front, Burne-Jones wrote of it: "The big church made me happy, and the kings carved in the west front; fierce persons like Gunnar and Hogni, truculent, terrific, tyrants. A contemporary sculptor has replaced one with his own notion of a fierce king. Ruskin could write a chapter on it, and only he could."

Now other earnest but perhaps mistaken workers have replaced some of the old weather-worn and most romantic canopies with their notions of romantic canopies, not at all weather-worn, and Ruskin is no longer with us to write a chapter on it.

W. R. LETHABY.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### THE DRY-MASH SYSTEM OF FEEDING POULTRY.

WHILE every poultry-keeper is now familiar with the dry-feed system of chicken-raising, which, though it is said to have originated in this country, had to cross the Atlantic before it gained serious consideration, the newest American "notion" as to poultry-feeding was practically unknown here until Mr. Edward Brown, in his recent report on the poultry industry in America,

than the ordinary system of feeding. A mixture given on one big poultry farm for laying hens is thus composed: 200lb. bran, 100lb. middlings, 100lb. Indian meal, 50lb. linseed oil meal, 100lb. gluten meal, 100lb. beef scrap, 100lb. clover meal, 100lb. ground oats and 4lb. salt. In addition the birds have as much grit and oyster shell as they want, and have grain always by them buried in litter. But even more remarkable than the fact that laying hens will thrive on this dry mixture is the statement that chickens can be fattened on it. As we know, chickens reared on the dry-feed system, if intended for table, have very early to be fed on soft food. On one of the biggest egg farms he visited, Mr. Brown was told by the owner that pullets reared and fed on dry feed grew larger than when wet mash was used; another, who bred "soft roasters"—these are large birds, often capons—for the Boston market, said he could obtain larger birds in a given time under this system than in any other way. Though there would be no particular saving in cost of feeding, the dry-mash system would suit farmers, for it would save the labour of daily feeding for fowls in movable houses run on the colony system; the hoppers could be filled with a week's supply. But it is impossible to believe that we could produce better table fowls by its adoption. Presumably, experiments in dry-mash feeding will be tried in this country, and a year hence we shall know more about it, for in the face of the statements Mr. Brown makes there is certainly something in it.

C. D. L.

### STOCK ON A SMALL FARM.

My balance-sheet which appeared in these pages on October 20th showed a gross profit of £81 2s. 8d. on the four cows and the five calves reared I kept on my sixteen-acre holding. This does not allow for rent or labour. As these two items are debited in the account against the whole produce of the small holding, where bees, vegetables, fruit, pigs and poultry have to bear their share of the total rent and labour, it is difficult to arrive at the net profit. However, if we put it at £60



THE PLOUGHMEN'S RIDE HOME.

called attention to it. He invites poultry-keepers to try it, and the advice, coming from such a source, merits serious consideration. Mash is the American term for what we call soft food, that is, ground meal, which, mixed with water, is given to the great majority of fowls for breakfast; this they call wet mash, but they also give it in its dry form, that is, the dry meal is served to the fowls unmoistened. In doing so they run against every accepted axiom of poultry-feeding; still, we are told the fowls thrive on it, so the universal belief that soft food must always be damped must be amended. The dry mash is given to the fowls in hoppers made of wood, consisting of a reservoir with a sloping lid, and below is a tray into which the food falls. As the birds consume it more comes down; so the action is automatic. The hoppers are made either in sections or for a mixture of meals; if made in three sections, one will contain beef scraps, which we call crissel, one a mixture of dry meals, and the third bran. The reason for dry feeding is thus defined by one of its advocates when lecturing on the subject. Each bird by means of it gets its full share; there is no scramble for the food. The bird eats a few mouthfuls of meal, and then a few grains of corn, for the dry mash is usually supplemented by feeding grain buried in litter. It finds its food bit by bit, which is more natural for it

it would not be far wrong; and if one considers that very little milk is sold here, nearly all of it being turned into butter, it is evident that cow-keeping is not an unprofitable industry for people who have a few acres of grass land attached to their house. As I personally attend to the cows, milking and feeding them, and watch very carefully any diminution or increase of milk, according to the quantity and quality of the food supplied and the state of the pastures, my practical knowledge may be of some use to your readers. My four cows consist of two Jerseys, a Sussex-Jersey and a Shorthorn. They are all young animals. For the dark Jerseys, which came from a herd where every cow is examined for tuberculosis, I paid £14 10s. and £16. The Sussex-Jersey as a two year old heifer cost £10 7s. 6d., and the Shorthorn £19 10s. Of these the two Jerseys are by far the most profitable as butter producers.

The cows are milked at 7 a.m. and 4 p.m. Their udders are washed and wiped before milking and milked direct into a strainer pail, for it is at this stage of the proceedings that most of the dirt enters the milk. The cowshed is about 200yds. from the dairy. When the milk is brought up to the dairy it is immediately separated. About 20lb. of butter are made weekly. It is the

usual custom round about my holding to leave the churning to chance, as far as the temperature is concerned. We do not waste time in this manner, but regulate the temperature by a thermometer. The butter is sold at 1s. 3d. a pound to local customers, who fetch it away all the year round. To postal customers who take not less than 2lb. at a time I charge 1s. 4d. in summer and 1s. 6d. in winter, carriage paid. I have tried tiny Jersey creamers, but excellent as these are for small dairies, being, of course, infinitely preferable to pans and hand-skimming, I soon discarded them for a Lister separator, which not only does the work more efficiently, but is much superior in summer in making sweeter separated milk. During the heat of the summer butter is kept in an enamelled pail suspended down the well, which is an inexpensive and effectual manner of keeping it hard. The objection to keeping Jerseys owing to their delicacy I have not found substantiated by my own experience. My Jerseys came from an acclimatised English herd, and are therefore hardier than those imported direct from the Channel Islands. Having got a hardy strain, I take care to keep them hardy. This year they have been lying out at night right up to November 16th, and throughout the winter I leave them out by day from 8.30 a.m. to 4 p.m., excepting on days of very severe weather. But for a slight cold, for which I drenched one of my Jerseys last winter, they have kept in robust health the whole year. When the Shorthorn calves again, in spite of her being a four-gallon cow, I shall sell her and get another Jersey. Now, although I believe in keeping Jerseys only for butter production, in calf rearing I buy only Shorthorn heifer calves which I know come from deep milkers. These I rear to sell when they become yearlings, or bring them along until they calve down to sell to dairy-farmers, because where there is one customer for a Jersey cow there are fifty for a Shorthorn. Of the five calves I have reared during the year three are Shorthorns. The reason why I reared two which are not Shorthorns is because one is a grand-daughter of Doctor, and the other is a beautiful little Jersey heifer from my best milker, both of which I shall keep as butter producers. I have already explained that I rear them on separated milk and cooked linseed until they are fully weaned. Nearly all the separated milk on my little farm is used for weaning calves. As pigs can easily do without separated milk, I find it more profitable to use

the milk for calf rearing than for pig fattening. The milk is given to the calf at the same temperature, as near as possible, as it is when it comes out of the cow—never, at any rate, any warmer—and the froth withheld. The pigs consume all the butter-milk.

In order to make as much as possible out of cow-keeping, the manure is stored in such a way as to ensure the least waste by evaporation or wasting away. The solid is stored under a galvanised iron lean-to by the cowshed, and the liquid is drained from the cowshed through 6in. pipes into a small tank. This is emptied on the land round the fruit trees, and generally applied to the gooseberries, which are gross feeders. I have had to buy all my straw, and I also bought eight acres of grass for hay, as I was afraid of running short this winter. Usually my hay is cut from my five-acre meadow, the cows being meantime pastured on a low-lying field of eight acres, and turned into the five-acre meadow when the hay is carried. Besides this amount of grass land I have another field of three-quarters of an acre which, after a heavy dunging with pig manure and a slight application of basic slag, produces a ton of hay, although it is but a rye-grass and clover lay strengthened with permanent pasture. It is clearly the business of the small holder to grow as much food as possible for his stock, in order to keep down the miller's bills, and I have, therefore, during the past year, grown cabbages, carrots, mangolds and swedes. The swedes are never fed to the cows, for fear they should taint the butter, and are used for the young stock only. Besides these crops I have a useful little patch of lucerne, and I also grow a small patch of rye to cut green for an early feed in May. These crops are, of course, grown on the 2½ acres of arable land, the whole of which has now been dug by the spade. A useful crop to grow, to come in when the pastures are dry in August, is maize. I find that the cost in winter for cows in full milk works out for purchased foods at 3s. 6d. per week. I give them 6lb. of bran, 3lb. of Bibby cake, besides hay and cabbages just now. The cabbages when finished will be followed by carrots and then by mangolds. I find Bibby cake and bran a more economical mixture than bran and crushed oats. I do not spend any time in chaffing hay, except on wet days, when we are hard up for a job, for as my cow troughs are built on the ground with sides four brick high only, with cemented interiors, they are roomy and very little waste occurs.

F. E. GREEN.

## LORD DELAMERE'S AFRICAN ESTATE.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA, to the general home public, is but a name—a geographical expression of presumably Imperial concern. A few enterprising souls have, however, after the manner of our race, gone out to see for themselves what manner of heritage may be covered by this awkward three-barrelled nomenclature, and these, almost without exception, find in British East Africa an ideal home for the true farmer, the man who loves the land and his stock for its own sake, no less than for what it brings him in



THE OWNER OF THE ESTATE.



MASAI HERDSMEN AND GUARDS.

hard cash. Of these pioneers, the first were Lord and Lady Delamere.

Among hunters of big game, few are better known than the former, and perhaps fewer still know Africa and its wild animals more intimately than he does. On the great majority of his shooting expeditions Lady Delamere accompanied her husband, laying thus the foundation of that reverence with which the native to-day regards her, for the particular kind of

pluck required in a woman on such occasions appeals very strongly to the fearless African black.

It was only after spending many seasons in big-game-shooting in British East Africa that Lord Delamere decided to take up land, and being then (four years ago) almost the first comer, he obtained the pick of the country for his estate. Ever since then, putting hunting on one side, he has devoted his whole attention to his land and stock. This fine estate, Equator Ranch, N'joro (so named because the Equator line runs across it), covers in one lot 100,000 acres, besides small separate blocks elsewhere, and lies 7,000ft. above sea-level. Practically the whole property is good undulating land, well watered, and enjoying a splendid rainfall. It includes an extensive grazing area, which grows in abundance the roi grass so coveted by all expert African farmers. Of the total area, 1,000 acres is enclosed within a ring fence for cultivation, and half of it is already under the plough, a steam-driven twelve-furrow disc implement being in use to minimise labour. The crops at present are merely for the consumption of the farm, both human and stock food, and include mealies (Indian corn), potatoes, excellent hay, peas, beans, barley and oats. Some idea of the luxuriance of the crops (of which there are two annually) may be gathered from the photograph of Lord Delamere and a friend standing in a field of N'joro oats. Specialised farming will follow shortly, experiments in such crops as rubber and sisal being employed to test the potentialities of the estate. "Make haste slowly" is an admirable proverb for East Africa, where, if the foundations be rightly laid, the prodigality of Nature almost ensures success. It is, however, no manner of use to start with the fixed intention to grow one particular crop until all have been tested. A great many things may do well, the crop will do excellently.

But to return to N'joro. The whole property is worked by Masai natives under a manager and one other white man. The latter is the dairyman, who with his wife is fully occupied with the dairy, which Lord Delamere has built seven miles away from his own house. It is a fine model dairy, where over 100lb. of butter is turned out each week for the market in Zanzibar and elsewhere. Each pound of butter is stamped "Equator," and though the buildings are supposed to be exactly under the Equator "line," the quality of the butter is excellent, and at all



INSPECTING THE PIGGERIES, N'JORO.

times it is harder than the same priced article in England during the summer months. This dairy, like the house, is connected by telephone with the station, which serves the whole property. It may be mentioned in this connection that the railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria is Lord Delamere's south boundary, N'joro being some 500 miles from Mombasa. Milking for the dairy is done entirely by Masai women, who are extremely expert in this department, though they will perform no other service.

Lord Delamere is the only settler of importance who em-

ployes Masai, but he, and perhaps especially Lady Delamere, who speaks these native dialects, has succeeded in so winning their affection that no difficulty is experienced in controlling them. As illustrating the kindly relations existing between Lady Delamere and the blacks, a trifling incident of a few months back may be mentioned. Finding herself in need of something she had left in the sitting-room one night, Lady Delamere took a light and passed through the antechamber where a Masai guard



FIRST CROSS OF SHORTHORN & NATIVE BREED.



A N'JORO OATFIELD.

slumbered on the floor, his arms by his side. He did not arouse with her movements, and in the morning she rallied him as being but a poor protection against danger.

"Missis," he replied, saluting, "the fearful lie restless, but the brave can always sleep."

But even more important, for the present, at least, than any of the crops is the stock farm at N'joro. Lord Delamere wisely took native cattle for the foundations of his herd, importing selected bulls—shorthorn, etc., for breeding purposes, and to the same end making selection also of the best native bulls he could secure. In this way the nucleus of a herd, both hardy and well bred, is already in existence, and with every cattle generation it will increase in value. Native cattle are invariably furnished with a hump, as shown in the photographs. At the first cross

this protuberance disappears, though the characteristic desirable features of both races persist. While this result affords an admirable example of the effect of crossing, I may remark that the particular effect may, perhaps, prove less advantageous than the imported settler would doubtless at first suppose. The hump is probably a provision of Nature against starvation in a land of recurring droughts. At any rate, it is a well-established fact that humps increase when the cattle are in good feed, and when scarcity follows they draw to some extent on this accumulation of fat. Experiment has not yet gone sufficiently far to admit of dogmatism in the matter, but possibly it may be found desirable to recover the hump. At present no native will look at a humpless beast, though that in itself is no great argument, blacks being proverbially conservative. Cattle hump, by the way, is excellent eating. Lord Delamere's herd now numbers some 17,000 cattle, divided into groups of about 250 head under the charge of a native herdsman, with a white man as master of all the stock. Some six different African breeds are included in the herd, in addition to importations and cross-breeds. Besides cattle, the Equator Ranch has a fine flock of merino sheep, bred from imported Australian ewes, which thrive particularly well in East Africa; the quality of the wool is good, and a fine future may be anticipated for the wool industry. Lord Delamere has also some 15,000 native sheep. The piggeries are stocked with Berkshires and Yorkshires, for Lord Delamere realises, as too few settlers in Africa have done, that of all stock, pigs afford, perhaps, the finest prospects for the farmer. The industries arising out of pig-rearing are hardly yet come to the birth, but in two or three years' time the man who is ready with his stock will be in a position to take the tide "which leads on

to fortune." N'joro abounds in those natural foods which provide the best fattening media, so that once the stock foundations are laid, pigs cost little or nothing to keep. Lord Delamere's horse-breeding is still young, but he met with great success at the last Nairobi races, where N'joro horses almost swept the board.

Game of all kinds abounds around N'joro. Besides lions, which are so numerous that the cattle are all kraaled at night, the less well-protected enclosures being also surrounded by camp fires, hartebeest, wilderbeest, rhinos, wild pig (Lady Delamere is a famous pig-sticker) and zebra are abundant. The latter are amusingly human in their methods of mounting guards at night. Their sentries are within sight of each other, so that a signal of alarm runs the whole circle in a few seconds. The zebra's note resembles the bark of a dog so strongly that a stranger will be constantly deceived into crediting the neighbourhood with an extensive canine population.

A homely touch is provided at N'joro by Lady Delamere's beautiful little flower garden, to which a vegetable department, all her own special care, is added. The garden runs up to the block of rooms specially built for her use; the rest of "camp" is still fairly rough, or would be for a lady, for as yet N'joro's owner has found scant time to surround himself with luxuries. The proximity of the railway and the telephone connection, however, take away any feeling of out-of-the-worldness, and a trip to Nairobi, whether for business or pleasure, is the easiest thing possible. Nairobi, by the way, is quite English, with club, church and race-course of up-to-date quality and a considerable English population, including many ladies.

OWEN THOMAS.



NATIVE CATTLE.

## CURLING.

CURLING—as a national game—is unique from many points of view, and not the least in the fact of its absolute dependence upon the freaks of the weather. A season like that of 1894-95, when play continued for ten or twelve weeks, and one got so accustomed to unfa-

frost that cups and bonspiels were arranged a week or ten days ahead—when the roar of the stones was hardly silent from early in January till late in March—is long remembered (and deeply regretted) in Scotland. For too often it is a "catch-as-catch-can" affair—a long record of occasional great moments,



W. Muir.

A BONSPIEL AT KANDERSTEG.

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it is true, but chiefly of disappointments and hopes deferred. How often, when ice is black and tough and keen, and good men and true are in the glorious throes of conflict, has the cold, damp hand of the thaw, in a few short hours, snuffed out these rare delights! Unquestionably, the true Scots curler is a much-trying man. His hopes rise annually as the sun goes South. By mid-November he is already tapping the glass and sniffing the wind. He waits patiently through the storms of December, but when January melts away and February follows, despair enters into his heart, for the dust must gather on his "stones" and "besom" now for eight long months. We have heard the cricketer complain of a bad season, when a few matches are interfered with by rain; but to the curler (long-suffering man!) a bad season means no matches at all. Yet there are compensations. As surely as "distance lends enchantment to the view," this element of uncertainty, nay, the very frequency of disappointment, is responsible for much of the zest with which we embrace the occasion when it comes. And that is one reason among many for the extraordinary devotion of Scotland to her national game. Curling is unquestionably the greatest of all national games—that is to say, there is, to my knowledge at least, no other game which appeals with such force



W. Muir.

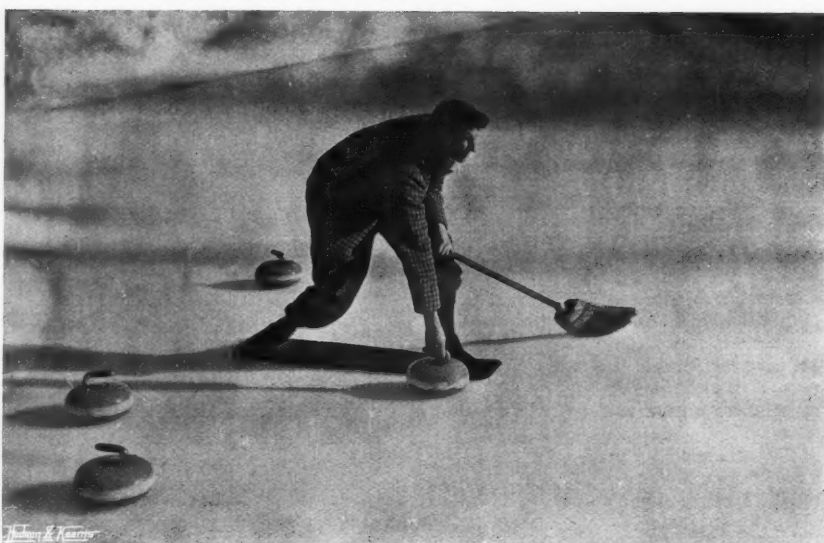
## THE "IN-ELBOW" TURN.

fathers and pay is. a year as club subscription. It is, indeed, little short of a national calamity when open winters recur three or four in succession, and Scotland looks in vain for a "game at the ice." It has been so for several winters now, and it is remarkable on what poor shreds and patches of actual experience the enthusiasm of the Scottish curler is able to subsist.

But a new field of activity is opening up to him. It is probable, if seasons had been good at home, and Scotland had had at least a fortnight of ice every year, that the invasion of Switzerland would never have taken place. But, as it is, curlers have found a veritable paradise beneath a Southern sun, where frost is a permanent institution, and the ice is a thing to dream about. And so it has come to pass that curling clubs are springing up all over Switzerland, that many of the hotels are specially constructing rinks, that a lively import trade in stones is going forward, and that a new word, *curlinstein*, has been added to the language. As long as the Scot kept his national pastime within his own borders, the world beyond—with the sole exception of Canada, where the game has been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection—paid little attention to it. Who ever goes to Scotland in winter? Vague rumours of strange doings on the ice, and the occasional incoherent tale of some enthusiast, would at times cross the Tweed. But, generally speaking, curling was apt to be regarded with

contemptuous amusement, as a weird orgy of barbarian fanaticism, in which for once the "dour" Scot let his feelings run riot, and perpetrated unheard-of feats of agility and vociferation. When occasionally some visitor from another clime came upon a curling match in full swing, he would look on with something of the curiosity and apprehension with which from a safe distance one regards a wild beast show. But the Scot's genius as a maker of games does not stop short at golf. Now that it has found a home in Switzerland, and is claiming devotees of every nationality, the world is beginning to realise that curling is a great game of skill. The conditions under which it is played—the exhilaration of the keen frosty air, the pleasant sense of power that comes with heaving so ponderous an engine as a curling stone, the sweet gliding motion of the stone, its deep-tongued resonant roar as it moves over the ice, and cheerful crack as it strikes an opponent—have all, no doubt, a charm of their own; but it is as a real game of skill that curling stands or falls. One is almost forced to compare it with bowls, though the two are widely different, for the general basis of the two games is the same. But curling is much less of a "one-man" game than bowls. All the four players that make up the rink are hard at work. At the tee end stands the skip, deep in thought, building up his campaign as the "head" develops; keeping his "house" in order, with his winner well covered, and a second stone at the side of the ring, to fall back upon in an emergency; with his "guards" laid well back, instructing the player, before each stone is delivered, as to what he is to play to take his right place in the scheme. And while the player is carrying out his commands the other two men are far from idle. On them falls the duty of sweeping—that is to say, polishing the ice before the running stone when it is likely to stop short. And sweeping, itself, is a fine art. Many a game has been lost or won by it.

There are a host of other points which go to make up the individuality of curling. Foremost among these is the



W. Muir.

## ONE EYE ON THE SKIP'S BROOM.

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W. Muir.

## ONE STRAIGHT SWING.

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ever-changing character of the ice. There are at least a dozen different conditions. It may be "sympathetic" or unresponsive—"soapy" or metallic, keen or slow—wet or dry; on deep water it is black, tough, and elastic; on a solid rink it is "dead" and white. It may be as true as a billiard-table, or it may develop "leads" one way or the other. All these varying conditions must be considered and met as they appear. For not only are they new every morning, but they often change three or four times during the game. I have played in Scotland in a thaw with nearly rin. of water on the ice. Then, indeed, the victory is to the strong; one's stone becomes a thing to hurl. And I have played in 30deg. of frost in Switzerland, when merely to lay it down at one's feet was enough. The player, apart from deciding what shot he should try to play (in curling, the skip decides that for him), has in most games of this type two main problems to solve, those of strength and direction. But the curler has a third added to these. What his break is to a bowler at cricket, his turn of the handle is to the curler. "In-turn" (or "in-elbow") represents for him an off break, and "out-turn" a leg break. And this is not aided, as at bowls, by an artificial bias. He must make it, use it and regulate it for himself. It will at once be seen what a powerful instrument this may become for "drawing round a guard," or finding a way up a "port." It is one of the most delightful properties of the curling stone that it will "go with the handle."

Again, much depends upon the ice. There are days when the stone will take no "work" on it at all. There are others when it is bound to go one way or the other, and one need only make up one's mind which to play. In very intense frost in Switzerland one must sometimes play as much as 6ft. or 8ft. wide of the tee, for the stone as it dies falls in obliquely to that extent. The turn is put on with the wrist just at the moment that the stone leaves the hand, as shown in the photographs.

Let us now look at the position of the player. Having cleaned the sole of his stone by rolling it across his broom, he takes his stand on the "crampit," a flat iron sheet frozen into the ice. His right foot must rest firmly on the back of the crampit, with his weight thrown upon it. It is well to keep his left foot perfectly straight—that is, at right angles to the heel of the crampit. If the left foot is not straight the stone is very apt to follow it. He then puts the stone down well in front of him and looks up for his instructions. When he has heard all the skip has to say, he must keep his eye fixed on the broom, which the skip is using as a pointer, and take one straight smooth swing back and forward, putting down his stone quietly where it lay, just beside his left foot. There are two common mistakes with beginners. One is very apt to swing the stone round behind one's body, which is fatal to a true direction, and one is apt to swing stiffly with the arm. This is a bad fault. It is essential to swing freely with the whole body, otherwise one is cramped and constrained, and, furthermore, it requires much more strength to get the stone "up" at all. Above all, it should be remembered that it is not a question of strength, but of swing. There is so much difference of opinion about the correct method of sweeping, that it is better not to lay down a hard-and-fast rule. The main point is to be active and alert, quick to catch up a running stone, and ready to stop instantly at a word from the skip. It is impossible to deal here with the whole duties of the skip. It is said that no man should act as skip before he is forty, and certainly a good skip requires much experience and

years of careful observation. He must know his players well, and be able to estimate just what they are capable of doing. He must know all the stones, and exactly how they will behave. He must infect his side with his own genial and optimistic spirit. He should be a man of iron nerve, of great good humour, with a pretty wit of his own, and able to rise himself, and lift other people, to the occasion when it offers itself. And he must be a man of



W. Muir.

## A SIMPLE CURLING PROBLEM.

The skip asks for an "in-wick." Note the "Dolly."

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imagination and initiative, for new situations are continually cropping up, and no two "heads" are alike. In the construction of his "head" he has certain guiding principles to act upon, which have been hammered out by the wisdom of ages. A stone at the side is not so easily taken as one on the tee, for instance. Your first two stones must be well in front. A long guard is easier to draw round than a short one; but it covers more of the "house." But beyond these simple facts, there is much scope for originality. It is a fine thing to see a great skip at work constructing an impenetrable barrier about his winner, or "finding a road in somewhere" to the tee through the opposing forces.

The problem illustrated above is a simple one. In the first picture the skip is asking for an "in-wick" (a cannon off the stone he is pointing to). In the second the shot has been played, and he is sweeping the stone to the tee. An "in-wick" is always easier than an "out-wick" (playing in the stone one is aiming at), but to play it off an opponent's stone is naturally dangerous.



W. Muir.

## A GOOD SHOT.

The skip sweeping stone to centre of "house."

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No matter how hard it is played, there is no "follow-through" with a curling stone. If it hits the other stone in the centre it stops instantly. There is a great future for curling in Switzerland. There are men there who curl as long as it is daylight, talk curling till bedtime, and then dream of it. I have a good friend in Adelboden who keeps a small model rink in his room, drawn to scale; and in the evening, when the battle is lost or won, works out with his wife (herself quite a connoisseur) the different heads

he has played, by means of small coins placed to represent the stones. They may be found almost any evening in anxious debate as to what "would have happened if—" There is also a controversy raging over the unoffending head of the "dolly"—a sort of ninepin placed on the tee. The "dolly-ists" contend that the player is assisted by knowing exactly where the centre is. The "anti-dolly-ists" (I am an anti-dolly-ist) maintain that the player has no right to know where the tee is. Let him play for the broom. The "anti's," among other weapons, have been known to resort to sarcasm—as when they sent to a neighbouring club (from whom they expected a visit) a perambulator—for the dolly. The conditions of play in Switzerland reach a perfection that we never know at home. Everything seems to be

as dainty as in a drawing-room: the clean white ice, with the circles marked below the surface in red chalk, the players moving about in snow-shoes, or even in slippers—perhaps in shirt-sleeves and Panama hats beneath that wondrous sun; the stones played without any effort, gliding silently as billiard balls (for on solid ice one loses the resonant roar that is often heard); and in the distance, if one but raises one's eyes, the vast snowfields on the sky-line, and chalets scattered here and there on the hillside, as if from a pepper-box, combine to make a vivid and memorable picture. It is here that the delicate science of curling may be brought to full perfection. And yet I always have a vague feeling that it is not quite the real thing after all. Freely, I confess that the ice is not so good in Scotland; that the weather is seldom so good. One cannot there step through the French window of an hotel on to the rink, but must often face a long cold drive before the game begins. The news must spread through the parish; stones must be brought forward, handles found, and rinks made up; but, after all, on the black hard ice of the pit among the trees, when once the first stone has been thrown, there is a wealth of fervour and zeal, a joy of battle in the proceedings that one has never felt abroad. These are not contending clubs—they are not playing for a cup or medal. It is a century-old feud between two parishes which has come to life again with the fall of the thermometer. And what are they playing for? For a ton of coals, or a bag of meal, to be paid for by the losing parish for the poor of both; for curling is the most generous of games. See how the players fling themselves into the thick of it! The best of human pleasures are fleeting. It may be raining to-morrow!

Curling has about it just that element of luck which a great game must have to leaven and enrich it. A may have "pit doon" B a dozen times, and B defeated C. But if C must meet A he need never despair. Let him take heart in the reflection that it is "a slippery game," and the humiliated A may have cause before evening to protest that he has been playing against "four men and the de'il." It is a game that anyone with a good eye and average strength can very soon learn to play; a game which after half a century of experience has always something new to teach; a game which one need not soon give up with declining years; indeed, to a great extent it is the older men who excel. I have seen three generations playing together in the same rink. Finally, it is the most generous of games. I know of no other where good-fellowship so universally prevails. So far is this carried that it is not etiquette for anyone ever to be blamed for anything—a thing which mystifies the uninitiated onlooker. The skip is eager to acclaim a well-played shot, but he will not admit a shot to be ill-played. He will assuredly find some excuse for your non-success. "The ice is getting keener," he will say, if you are strong; or, "your stone stopped very suddenly," when you are short. He has asked you for a long guard, the gentlest and most cautious of shots, and you have come roaring up the ice and banged into the "house," bringing utter devastation in your wake. As you come forward, with a beating heart, to see what damage you have done to his well-balanced "head," the vociferous joy of the opposing skip is in your ears. Your

own skip eyes the wreck more in sorrow than in anger. His guards are lying to right and left, his winner is up against the bank and his opponent has two shots near the tee. But he will turn to you with a cheerful smile. "Man," he will say, "that was unfortunate. But it was no' your blame. It was awfu' weel set doon!"

BERTRAM SMITH.

## HISTORIC CATS.

ONE of the most pleasing traits in Dr. Johnson's character was his fondness for his cat, Hodge. Boswell admits that he himself did not love cats, and experienced some discomfort in their society, a

sensation he shares with other and greater men. "But," writes he, "I never shall forget the indulgence with which he (Johnson) treated Hodge, his cat, for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. . . . I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail, and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this,' and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance,

adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.' Another time, too, speaking of a dissipated young man, Johnson remarked, 'Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats,' and then, in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, 'But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot.'

There is something very homely in this picture of the rough-mannered lexicographer keeping his tenderest caresses for the furry friend who would never trouble to contradict or argue with him; and, indeed, it is perhaps that very aloofness of the cat character which endears the race to some independent spirits, while rendering it unprepossessing to others. There are few tales of cat fidelity, and many of dog, yet one thinks no worse of the cat for this. His very independence compels respect; he walks "by his wild lone, waving his wild tail, through the wild woods," as an inspired modern writer has set forth; all the generations have not served to tame him, and the most domestic of the race will revert sooner to a wild life at "the call of the blood," than any other friend of man. Tiny kittens are the most endearing of pets, yet the youngest will not barter his independence for luxury of the softest. It is thus scarcely surprising to find that the most famous cat-lovers have been drawn from the ranks of politicians and poets: those, namely, whom reasons of State or a sensitive temperament have rendered averse from trusting their fellow-creatures, and who, consequently, bestow all their affections upon the "fireside Sphinx." Witness Mahomet, whose beloved Muezza curled herself up one day upon the flowing folds of the prophet's sleeve, what time he meditated in silence and apart for several hours. Muezza purred for some time, but at last got tired and slept; and when the spirit at length moved Mahomet to action, he found his arm weighted by his slumbering pet. Then he did what we venture to think few of the most devoted cat-lovers of to-day would do, cautiously drew out his knife, cut off the sleeve, and left Muezza to her rest undisturbed.

We are invited to believe that the most famous of all cats, he who brought fame and fortune to his master, Dick Whittington, was no four-legged animal at all, but merely the French word *achat*—to buy and sell at profit, and that the great merchant made a pet only of his merchandise from the very beginning. Thus, in later years, do the idols of our youth topple about our heads. But other legends—nay, facts—are left us. Cardinal Wolsey, for instance, when acting in his official capacity as Lord Chancellor, is said to have had his favourite cat always seated beside him; and another grim prince of the Church, Richelieu, found his only relaxation in keeping a number of kittens in his private cabinet and watching their gambols during his spare moments. We cannot really reckon Richelieu as a true lover of the race, however, for directly the kittens grew to three months he had them sent away and replaced by others. Lord Chesterfield left in his will life-pensions to his favourite cats and their kittens. Victor Hugo's great cat Chanoine always sat on a large red ottoman in the centre of his salon and received his guests in state, showing marked displeasure if anyone failed to caress or praise her.

Tasso wrote a sonnet to his favourite cat; and Petrarch had one he loved as dearly, we are told, as Laura. No doubt she was the confidante of many of his trials, and consoled him for much of the fair lady's disdain, and when pussy died the poet had her embalmed in the Egyptian fashion and carried her mummy about with him everywhere. Baudelaire, the French poet, a very shy man, was always ill at ease in any new house he entered until the



W. Muir

THE WINNING STONE APPROACHING THE "HOUSE."

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family cat was brought up and introduced to him, after which, with the cat on his knee, he was perfectly happy in his silent poet fashion.

Perhaps of all names bestowed on feline celebrities, Hildigeigei, the latent hero of the charming "Trompeter von Säkkingen," bore the strangest. Yet, have we not personally known and loved Four-Point-Seven, a kitten of Powerful Day, commonly called Gunnie? And certainly Théophile Gautier showed a fertile invention in the nomenclature of his many fussy favourites. He speaks of Childebrand, a splendid cat of the common kind; Mme. Théophile, who was red; Dom Pierrot de Navarre, white as a powder puff; Zobeide, Zuleika, and numberless others; each with his or her distinctive appearance, character and tastes. Carlin, the Italian actor, actually studied his cats' gestures, named himself their pupil, and was famed for the wonderful ingenuity and suppleness of his performance of Hamlet.

But of all cat champions, the great Chateaubriand stands out the most fervent and the most indomitable. His love for the race was well known, and when, in consequence of his "Génie du Christianisme," he was made Secretary to the Embassy at Rome, the Pope, Leo XII., gave him, as the most acceptable gift he could offer, his own Micetto, a big cat of a greyish red. Earlier, when in exile in London, Chateaubriand boarded at

the house of an Irishwoman, a Mrs. O'Larry, whose rooms swarmed with cats big and small, in the welfare of which the good lady's lodger took an even keener interest than herself. "United by this common interest," he writes, "we mourned together the misfortune of losing two lovely she cats, as white as ermines, with black tips to their tails." Often Chateaubriand said that before his death he hoped to "advocate some works of God despised by man," and of these the two chief were to be the ass and the cat.

Traditions respecting cats are, of course, legion. From time immemorial they have been regarded as somewhat uncanny, omens of weal or woe, beings to be either conciliated or crushed. The cat-worship of ancient Egypt, and, later, the Roman creed that the cat was sacred to Diana speak of the one; the wild charges of witchcraft—or concern in it—rife during the dark ages of Europe will attest the latter. And very naturally the electricity, mystery and aloofness of the animal contribute to any dark hints his enigmatical appearance may have instigated. But there is another popular belief deserving also of mention, that which sets forth the old maid as the cat's only friend, a legend arising in the mediæval nunneries overrun with mice, where one or more cats were always kept, and were, no doubt, much petted by the good nuns.

B. C. HARDY.

## THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE AT HOME.

THE lament of the naturalist—and especially of the bird-loving naturalist—as to the disappearance of this or the decrease of that rare or interesting species of British bird, has, as the years have "told their tale," become louder, more frequent and more insistent. He bemoans

the fact that, *inter alia*, the bustard, the avocet, the spoonbill, the godwits, the bittern, the black tern and the ruff have within the last century or so disappeared as breeding species from the solitudes of Broadland; that the bearded tit and the harriers in the same district have had a hard struggle (spite of Wild Birds' Protection Acts) to survive the depredations of bird and egg collectors and their agents; that so also have the kite and the buzzard in the remote fastnesses of the Welsh hills, the chough on the Cornish coasts, and even the little wren of St. Kilda on its lone, rocky ocean islet. Owls and hawks of all species have been, and in many districts still are, the victims of a persecution as cruel as in most cases it is ignorant and insane. And the list of the persecuted might easily be lengthened. But it is pleasanter now and then to direct one's attention to an item on the credit side of the account. There is one notable British bird which from several points of view is as fine a bird and as intrinsically interesting a species as any of those just mentioned, and which, though at one time almost as rare as most of them, has during the past quarter of a century not only considerably increased in numbers, but also largely extended its breeding range. I refer to the great crested grebe—a species which may now be considered almost common on many lakes, meres and other inland sheets of water. In his "History of British Birds" of 1885, the late Mr. Seebohm states that "this species is a somewhat local resident in the British Isles," that "it has not hitherto been known to breed in Scotland," and that "north of Yorkshire it occurs almost exclusively as a winter visitor." Contrast with this the statements made, after an interval of fourteen years only, by Mr. Howard Saunders in his "Manual" of 1899, that "its increase during the last decade has been remarkable. In Scotland it is now known to breed on at least eight lochs, as far north as Perthshire and probably Aberdeenshire"; and from the suggested contrast the lover of birds may derive at least a measure of compensation for some of the gaps that have been left in the list of British breeding species of former times, and for the sadly thinned ranks of others that are still struggling for the existence of their species.

For many years the great crested grebe has been one of the most distinguished ornaments of one of the quiet reserved lakes in a secluded district of Hertfordshire, and, thanks to the rigid

protection extended to it by the owner, it has bred in considerable numbers—for a *rara avis*. It has been my privilege during the spring of 1906 to be allowed to interview this handsome bird "at home," and to endeavour to induce it to literally sit for its portrait, with what success the pictures I was able to obtain will show.

On my first visit the keeper took me out in a boat to the haunt of the grebe, and I had no difficulty in taking, from the boat, a photograph of the nest and three eggs. Compared with other nests, which I afterwards saw, the one photographed was noteworthy for its shapely, well-rounded and compact character, and for the further fact that the water weeds, of which its bulk was almost entirely composed, were small and fine. It was not built of the broken stems of the tall reeds similar to those among which it was placed, and to which it seemed to be anchored; in fact, there was scarcely a trace of these in the whole structure. That the reader may as fully as possible realise the surroundings, it should be stated that the reeds referred to were the tall, dead, whitey-brown ones of the previous year, and not the new green reeds of 1906—these latter had scarcely begun to show above the water. Having secured photographs of two different nests and eggs, my next move was to arrange with the keeper for some means of concealment on the occasion of my second visit, when, as I explained to him, I desired to photograph one of the nests with the bird sitting on it. After an inspection of the several nests in the vicinity, we finally fixed upon the one which, from various considerations, we deemed best suited for the purpose, the "hiding" arrangement we had adopted to be gradually moved up until within about 10ft. of the nest.

Having allowed a week to elapse in order that the birds might get accustomed to the new and rather large structure erected near their nest, I revisited the scene and was rowed out in a small boat to "hide up" and commence operations. Immediately the boat put off from the boathouse—30yds. distant from the nest—the grebe slipped off without stopping to cover up her eggs, and, diving at once, disappeared from view, finally rising again some 20yds. or 25yds. beyond the nest. When,

however, our boat reached the hiding-place, I saw at a glance that I was doomed to disappointment for that day, for, instead of being within 10ft. of the nest, I was fixed up at a distance of about 12yds., my friend the keeper explaining that he felt sure if we went nearer the bird would "forsake" her nest and eggs, and this he was, of course, very anxious—and rightly so—to avoid.

Now the bird photographer soon finds out for himself that, before he can acquire those specific characters which mark him



POSITION OF NEST IN REED BED.

off from the ruck of photographers in general, he has a longer or shorter period of evolution to go through; that he has to evolve, partly from within and partly from the conditions of his ever-varying environment, just those qualities which will enable him to successfully maintain his existence as a species, and carry on the work he is fitting himself to do. Of the said qualities none is so valuable as that variety of self-possession which will always enable him to "come up" smiling even in the eye of his bitterest disappointment. Moreover, he must always try seriously to sympathise with a keeper's point of view, and try as far as possible to harmonise his own with it. So I carefully talked through the whole matter, point by point, with my friend as we sat in hiding, assuring him of my confidence that the bird would not desert her charge even if my hiding-place were at such close quarters as those I had previously mentioned, viz., a distance of about roft. Finally, I fixed up my camera, and having focussed up, showed him the size of the nest as it appeared on the ground glass. This carried conviction, and my point was gained. Before going away, however, I made a few exposures, and very glad I was afterwards that I had done so, for the pictures taken from this spot give a good idea of the general location and surroundings of the nest.

The nest itself was placed towards the outer fringe of the reed-beds which extend some 50yds. to 60yds. outwards from the shore of the lake. Many of the reeds had been blown and broken down by the rough winds that had prevailed, and a thick outer line of reed *débris* cast up by wind and wave marked the limit of the bed. In towards the shore the reeds were much thicker and well-nigh impenetrable for boats. A glance at the



A QUEEN OF BIRDS.

illustration will show a very interesting and suggestive point, viz., that, while the surface of the water generally is thickly strewn

with broken reed-stems, the space immediately round the nest is on all sides almost entirely clear of them. One could almost say for certain that the grebes had collected the reed *débris* from this space and built their nests of the material so gathered. For the nest photographed was built entirely of broken reed-stems, as the other illustrations will show.

Again, at the interval of a week, I visited the place, and was greeted by the keeper with the gladsome news

that the "hiding-place" had been erected exactly at the spot I had indicated, that the bird had not been scared by it, and that she was even then sitting on her eggs. A few words as to the hiding arrangement. After duly considering all "ways and means" at my disposal, I finally decided upon using a large flat-bottomed boat from which to conduct my operations. This was taken out to the desired spot and anchored at both ends so as to be as steady as possible, the nest being opposite the centre of the boat and about roft. away. In front of this boat several stout posts were driven down into the bottom of the lake, and to these posts (which, by the by, were in no way fastened to or connected with the boat) three large wooden hurdles compactly "drawn" with straw and reeds were fastened.

The screen so formed thus ran the whole length of the boat and yet was not attached to it, so that the latter could come and go without imparting any motion to, or making any alteration in, that part of the shelter which faced the bird when sitting on, or in the vicinity of, the nest. It answered admirably, and the boat behind it gave plenty of room for all camera operations to be conducted without the least dis-



MOVING HER HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE.



THE NEST OF BROKEN REED-STEMS

comfort to the photographer. A suitable hole for the lens was easily made, and the reeds on either side of it tied back with string.

As we moved out from the boathouse in our little boat, the grebe slipped off her nest, dived and reappeared at some distance beyond the nest. We were, however, soon in possession of our "retreat," and, after making ourselves quite ready for action, we settled down to await the return of our expected "sitter." But so long as the boat in which the keeper had brought me out remained there behind the screen, although completely hidden from view, so long did the grebe refuse to make even a sign of returning to her nest. I therefore requested my companion to return to the boathouse with the boat and get clear away from the place. This he did, and within ten minutes of his departure I saw through a chink I had made in the reeds that the grebe had approached the nest by her usual method of diving, and was there within a few feet of the edge. Here she evidently caught sight of the lens, and this disconcerted her for a time. However, within five minutes more she was reassured, and paddling up to the edge of the nest, scrambled up the side in ungainly fashion, and stood with her awkward-looking feet on the rim of the nest. She then proceeded to rapidly remove the layer of weeds she had placed over her eggs before leaving them, and this accomplished, and after much "shifting and shuffling" of her eggs on the one side, and her under feathers on the other, she had finally adjusted matters to her comfort and satisfaction, and sat quietly down with the full length of her graceful body parallel to the plane of my screen—exactly the position I would have chosen for her, had choice been within my power. Needless to say, I was charmed, and I felt that moment to have brought one of the supreme pleasures of my life. To sit there side by side almost with one of the shyest, the wildest, the wariest, yet one of the stateliest withal, of Nature's creatures, was, indeed, "a thrilling joy"—a joy whose fascination cannot be felt by the many who may read about it, but only by the few who may actually experience it. There she sat in her own stately and dignified way—a queen of birds indeed, with regal crown and "robe"—and a queen, moreover, who well became her lofty island throne. Now she gently moved her head in this direction, now in that; and again she would turn her gaze right out in front. Now she raised her head and simultaneously "erected" her arching crest, and the breeze played



RESETTLING HERSELF FOR A FULL-FACE PORTRAIT.

but that some of them were successful the illustrations will attest for themselves. It is always well for the bird photographer to keep a few plates for the unexpected. Suddenly the grebe raised herself from the nest, worked round exactly at right angles and resealed herself on the nest facing the lens. By a stroke of luck I was ready for the unexpected, and I exposed my last half-plate upon her.

Gradually, I had come to move about behind my screen, and now, having used up nearly all my plates, I stood up on the seat of the boat and looked over the top of the hurdle at her "with all my face," as the saying goes. The look of astonishment on hers was something wonderful to see, and her sharp little eyes gleamed in great surprise. But she never moved a feather, nor did she exhibit the smallest sign of scare. It seemed to me that though a boat, with a man in it, moving across the water, even in the distance, would cause her to leave her eggs immediately, the man alone, with no boat visible about him, had absolutely no effect upon her emotions, though he were only a few feet away. I wanted her to go, however, so that I might "snap" her coming back to the nest. I raised my hands aloft, but she did not mind. I tried (as the children say) to "shoo" her away—no result. I waved my arms about—she was not going to shift for a mere man without a boat; so in despair I pulled off my cap, whirled it round at arm's length and struck it on the front of my screen. This had the desired effect; she slid off her nest, but only went some 2ft. or 3ft. away. Then she turned round, faced her nest and her boatless tormentor, and soon showed signs of returning.

I "snapped" her just off the edge of the nest, but she soon clambered up the sloping side, and was again seated on her eggs, in spite of the fact that I, as a deeply-interested spectator, was leaning against the top of the screen and intently watching her all the time. A whistle, by way of signal, soon brought the keeper up to the boathouse, and he quickly put off in the small boat to fetch me. The moment she heard the dipping of the oars and saw a boat approaching

she was off the nest like a shot—though the boat was some 30yds. distant, and I was only 10ft. away—and disappeared under the water. She did not return until after we had got back to land and all was quiet again. It only remains to add that, in due course, three young grebes made their appearance, though, unfortunately, I was unable to revisit the nest at the time in order to record the fact photographically.

W. BICKERTON.



PADDLING UP TO THE EDGE OF THE NEST.

gently through the slender filaments of which it was composed. Then she would lower her head and depress her crest almost to the horizontal, yet in every attitude, whether of rest or motion, she still looked "every inch a queen." So far I had made neither sign, sound, movement, nor exposure, but now, having bestowed a full measure of admiration upon her, and she, moreover, having become thoroughly comfortable



ON August 17th, 1661, was given the entertainment to Louis XIV. which saw the perfection of Vaux le Vicomte, and sealed the death-warrant of its master. Fouquet cannot have enjoyed his château for more than three years at most, and he probably did not spend much more than six months there altogether. He had scarcely satisfied himself that the most splendid estate in France had actually reached the completion of its artistic development when he was hurled into the Bastille. He died at Pignerol, next to the dungeon which guarded the impenetrable secret of the Man in the Iron Mask.

You can imagine that brilliant company on an August afternoon, men and women too, in dresses of a hundred hues, in laces and ribbons and huge towering wigs, and hats with ostrich feathers that rose still higher in the scented air—leonine crests upon an ass's body, for the most part; inverted pyramids that seemed only to keep their balance by a miracle. Among these fashionable monstrosities you must not forget that this is the age of La Fontaine, of Mme. de Sévigné, of the prim Mme. Scarron, who is to mount so high later on, and of De Retz; of Le Brun, who is receiving compliments from everyone, we may be sure; finally, of Molière. Behind the King stand D'Artagnan and his musketeers. Behind the courtiers is Colbert. But those sinister figures trouble nobody as yet. Six thousand invitations

have been sent, and nearly all accepted. The banquet is to be a dream of luxury. Let us follow them into the gardens to get an appetite. There was a maze, of course, most convenient for flirtations. There were nymphs in gilded boats to take out conversational couples on the water. There were grottoes and arbours, marble niches, hidden seats, and balustrades with vases and statues, and terraces from which you leant over the flower-beds, with musicians playing courtly tunes behind the box trees. Inside the house a "lottery" was being drawn, which was only M. le Surintendant's pretty way of giving everyone a present; jewels for the ladies and rapiers for the men. But I must abridge the catalogue. "Ah! Madam," cried Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory in 1789, "the nonsense of one age is not the nonsense of another age"; and we are nearly 250 years away from the jokes of Fouquet's guests. Perhaps we can appreciate their dinner better. Vatel's best must have been a triumph that even our jaded palates might appreciate, especially if it was set forth on 432 services of gold. But better than gardens, better even than the dinner, was the play that followed it in the Allée des Sapins:

De feuillages touffus la scène était parée  
Et de cent flambeaux éclairée . . .

But Molière appears in his ordinary dress. Can there, by any chance, have been some error in this marvellous entertainment?



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THE SOUTH FRONT, LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



IN THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Listen! He apologises for having been thus surprised, for being thus alone—when suddenly a shell beside him opens, and out steps a lovely Naiad—Béjart, her pretty self. She looks at the young King and begins:

Jeune, victorieux, sage, vaillant, illustre  
Aussi doux que sévère, aussi puissant que juste . . .

The critics are smiling already. This may be flattery; but it is not poetry; it scarcely even rhymes. "Ah! By Pélisson; of course—" Now Pélisson was Fcuquet's secretary; and even Le Brun's scenery and the pretty Béjart—who was getting on in life, by the way—scarcely helped the secretary's verses to smooth the way for Molière, and for that scene in "Les Fâcheux" which



STONWORK IN ENTRANCE GRILLE.



STONWORK IN ENTRANCE GRILLE.

Royalty itself, it seems, had deigned, if not to write, at any rate to inspire. Molière was a figure almost as attractive as the undraped lady whose daughter of sixteen he married that same year. His vigorously masculine features were full of kindness, full of an honourable loyalty to what he loved, full, above all, of hot-blooded life and animation, with his strong thick nose, his broad lips, and those dark eyes which saw the shade behind the sunshine, and knew the tragedy he stifled with a laugh.

But the King sat through the entertainment with a moody brow. Poor little La Vallière, overcome, like almost all the rest, by the fairy-like magnificence of the surroundings, entrapped by Vardes, Saint-Aignan, and the others, had no more to give.



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FROM THE SOUTH GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

That part of the plot, at any rate, succeeded. But the King remained impassive. Later in the day he saw a fair face among Le Brun's designs. Did Fouquet mean to compete for La Vallière's favours too? This was too much. And the motto: this "Quo non ascendet," what could that mean but one thing? Louis almost burst out upon the Surintendant on the spot. His mother restrained him. But Fouquet's doom was sealed. It only needed the adroit suggestion that the Surintendant's crafty offers of assistance to the future favourite were really his attempt to replace her Royal wooer. Louis could with difficulty carry on the farce. He determined to return that night to Fontainebleau, though the whole Court were watching with the greatest wonder such fountains as had never been seen before, lit up by countless fireworks in the darkening gardens. The fête, instead of dying down, seemed gradually making a more brilliant climax. Mme. du Plessis-Bellièvre, one of the Surintendant's spies, slipped into his hand a note of warning. As Guise had done at Blois, so Fouquet tore it up at Vaux. The music went on playing. The crowd surged slowly towards the house. The few hundreds who had gone seemed to make little difference to the gallant total. There was a movement to and fro till dawn, and Fouquet never slept. When the Royal invitation came to join the King at Nantes Fouquet accepted it without a moment's hesitation. He felt sure

he was safe. The memoirs of D'Artagnan tell the next chapter in the story. Fouquet, of course, had offered D'Artagnan the bribe he offered everybody else while Mazarin was still alive. But the musketeer had given good reasons for refusing it. The two men had not openly quarrelled, but D'Artagnan had gone unwillingly to Vaux le Vicomte, and he received still more unwillingly the orders that awaited him at Nantes. Fouquet journeyed westward with no idea that the Cardinal—so lately dead—had left his name upon a black list of public robbers, to whose crimes the King's attention was urgently directed by his dying and most devoted servant. Fouquet remembered only that a large sum of money had cemented his own friendship with the great Condé; and that the Marquis de Créqui, who had married the daughter of his paid spy, Mme. du Plessis-Bellièvre, was in command of the only vessels by which Belleisle could be attacked. The King took very careful precautions. Soldiers were slowly drafted out in the direction of Belleisle, and the strict watch kept finally resulted in the capture of Fouquet's confidential man, who came out to warn his master of what he had seen going on. He carried a note from the governor of the fortress in the heel of his stocking, with nothing written except that "the bearer may be trusted." He died under torture, refusing to betray his master, or tell anything he knew. Colbert was much



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A FOUNTAIN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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STEPS FROM GARDEN TO THE WOOD (THE BUFFET D'EAU).

"C.L."

annoyed; but there was evidence enough; and he was so secretly in Nantes that scarcely anyone knew that he had come with the King at all. It was essential that there should be no hint of danger at the last moment. Fouquet had been advised to send another man in his sedan chair, with the blinds down, to the council meeting at Nantes. He refused, believing nothing. After business had begun he felt sure nothing was wrong, for Louis was as suavely impenetrable as usual, and asked Fouquet more questions than was his wont, being secretly afraid that if he did not make use of this opportunity there would be no chance of getting any essential details out of the Surintendant later on. D'Artagnan was waiting all the time with ten of his men at the bottom of the staircase, dispersed here and there, as if by chance, but all within easy reach. After two hours Fouquet came out, "surrounded by a crowd of people, as are all the Ministers, especially those of War and Finance." On the last step, at the foot of which his chair awaited him, he was arrested, and the whole crowd of sycophants and beggars melted away in a moment. The reckless La Feuillade alone shouted a word of encouragement, out of pure bravado. Fouquet found speech enough to say that "the King was master to do all he liked," and disappeared into another chair that stood ready, in which he was taken to the house of an ecclesiastic of the cathedral near at hand. The Grand Provost at once arrested all his clerks, and every scrap of paper was immediately placed under seal. In a few moments a carriage arrived under escort of thirty musketeers with D'Artagnan at their head, and St. Mars, the

"Maréchal de Logis." By them he was driven off to the château of Angers and closely guarded. Belleisle soon afterwards surrendered. M. de Béthune, who had married Fouquet's daughter, was exiled with his wife. His brothers, the Abbé

Fouquet, the Archbishop of Narbonne, the Bishop of Agde, and the King's Ecuyer, were banished from France. From Angers, Fouquet was placed in the Donjon of Vincennes, and D'Artagnan, who knew that M. de Beaufort and the Cardinal de Retz had escaped from here, took over the guard from the Duc de Mazarin and placed a sentinel at the door, and another inside the room all night. As soon as the judges had been chosen for the trial, the prisoner was moved on to the Bastille. His office was given to Colbert, under the new title of Controller General of Finance. There were charges of treason with England, as well as wholesale speculation in France, against the prisoner, who was at first kept in a room with a view on "the bastion which is on the right hand of the road crossing from the Porte St. Antoine to enter the Grande Rue." Mme. de Sévigné, one of Fouquet's particular friends, wrote to M. de Pomponne, saying she had seen him there under D'Artagnan's guard, and it appears she managed in some clever way to make signals to him. Her letters give the most poignant description of his cleverness and skill throughout the trial. The squirrel's struggles were all unavailing. Both lion and serpent held him fast, and the cage doors soon closed on him for ever.

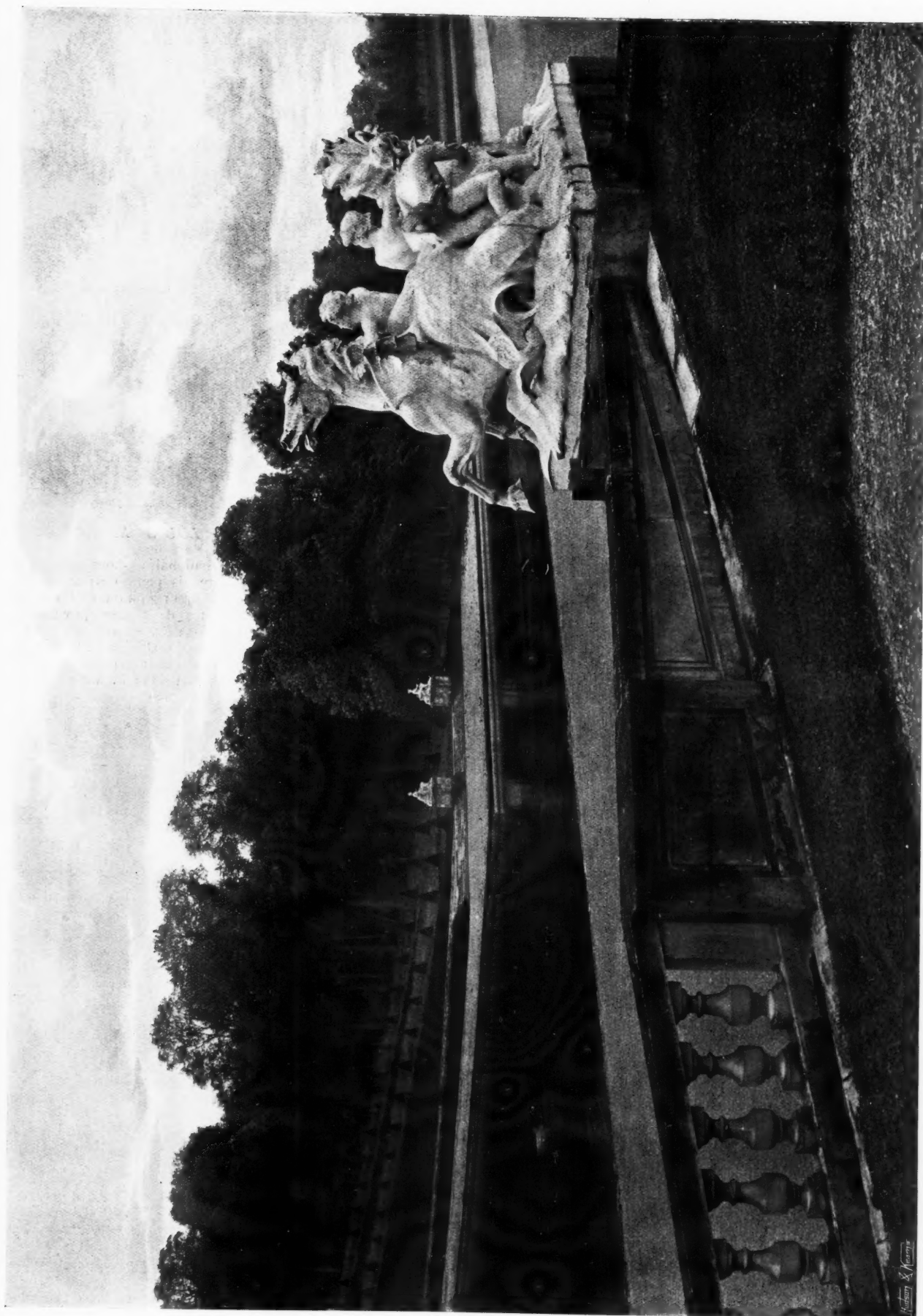
The life of the builder of Vaux le Vicomte is a sad thing to read after his imprisonment in the Bastille. "He who had



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AMORINI.

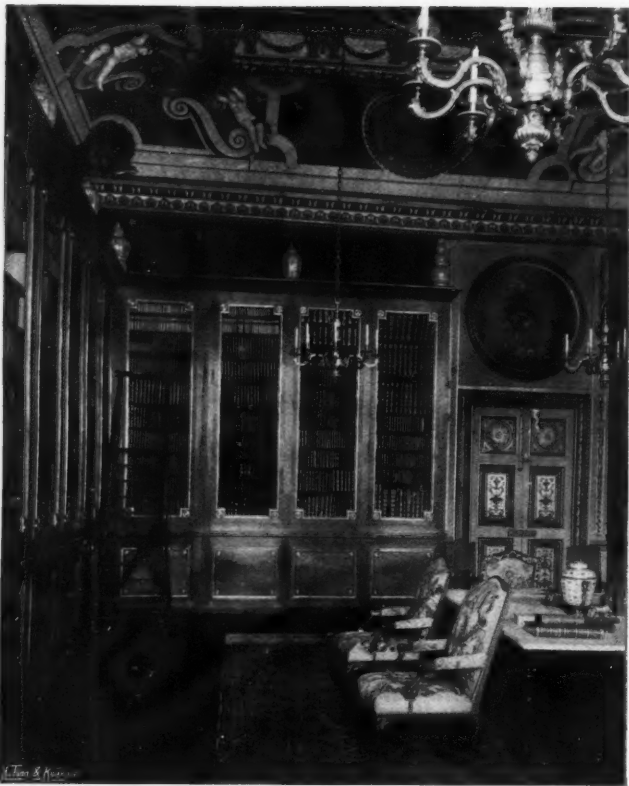
"C.L."



THE GREAT CANAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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been the most lively man in the world had become so quiet that one would have said it was another individual with the same face. He had regulated all his hours neither more nor less than if he had been in a convent. He knew what he had to do when he had prayed to God, by which, as was right, he began the day. This was to take up a book and read. When he had read for an hour or two he took ink and paper and commented on his reading. He next heard mass; then walked in his room till



BEDROOM OF LOUIS XIV.

dinner; when he had dined he had half-an-hour's meditation; at four o'clock he again took up his pen to write something original. Afterwards, he would walk or look out of the window. Supper then appeared, and thus the days passed, one after the other, always in exactly the same way, except when he was examined." De Retz killed time in the Donjon of Vincennes by amusing himself with pet rabbits, ringdoves and pigeons; and found great consolation in the thought that he had made up his mind



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IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

beforehand to amuse himself in that way if he should ever be imprisoned. The Coadjutor has left some equally instructive remarks on the embarrassment caused by servants during a period of disgrace. Now Fouquet, though he had no rabbits, was certainly well and faithfully served. We have seen one instance in the man who was tortured to death for revealing nothing about Belleisle. Péllisson, his secretary, is another. The poet of Béjart's ode at the famous fête was in the Bastille too. So was Fouquet's handsome young écuyer, who went mad in his cell, not having discovered Péllisson's cure for prison insanity, which consisted in scattering a thousand pins all over the floor and picking them up again. Bussy Rabutin occupied his similarly enforced leisure by writing "A History of the King." Luckily, the scandalmonger got out again. A miserable pamphleteer who offended his Majesty died in hideous torments in the worst dungeon of Mont St. Michel. The handsome Vardes was sent to rot slowly to death for twenty years in the Tour de Constance at Aigues Mortes. Things did not look very bright for our Surintendant. Fouquet's only supporters were found among the nobility, who had thoroughly enjoyed his fêtes. Mme. de Sévigné remained his firm friend. Mlle. de Scudéry and La Fontaine echoed their distress in graceful language:

Remplissez l'air de cris de vos grottes  
profondes,  
Pleurez nymphes de Vaux, faites  
croître vos ondes.

But memories of Vaux le Vicomte cannot have been very consoling to its imprisoned master. He knew very well that the common people and the bourgeoisie would cheerfully have torn him to pieces; and such pensions as the 12,000*fr.* a year he paid to Scarron were of little avail to him now. No literature could get him out of stone walls 26*ft.* thick. For three years the trial dragged on. At last, to the disgust of Colbert and the King, the Commission sentenced Fouquet to perpetual banishment from France. The defence had been skilfully conducted, and M. d'Ormesson had pleaded the prisoner's cause with great effect. The King refused to leave his prey. He altered the sentence to imprisonment for life. His spy, Mme. du Plessis-Bellièvre, was released from Montbrison. But Fouquet was sent first to Moret, near Fontainebleau, and afterwards to Pignerol, on the borders of Piedmont, where he was placed under the strictest custody of Saint Mars. The first news of the outside world reached him when Lauzun, the audacious little Cadet de Gascogne, was sent there, too, because his amours had frequently displeased (if not displaced) the King—Lauzun, who finally had aspired to the hand of "La Grande Mademoiselle" herself, the daughter of Gaston d'Orléans, and niece of Anne of Austria. But a far more famous prisoner shared the cells of Pignerol with Fouquet, a prisoner whom no one ever saw, and who was guarded with unbroken secrecy until his death—the Man in the Iron Mask.

Dumas suggests that this living mystery was Louis XIV., who was kidnapped at the fête of Vaux le Vicomte, so that his twin brother might take his place upon the throne. But Mr. Andrew Lang has finally demonstrated that it was Martin (known in prison as Eustache Dager), the valet of Roux de Marsilly, the Huguenot fugitive from Rochelle who escaped in the year of Fouquet's famous fête, had much treasonable correspondence with England, was captured in Switzerland, and finally was executed with hideous tortures in Paris, protesting

his innocence to the last. What he really did will never be known. The fear that it might ever become known was a constant obsession to Louis XIV. So much so, that his unfortunate valet, Martin, or Dager, was kept in the strictest seclusion lest he might divulge a secret of which he was probably himself in ignorance. In July, 1669, this wretched valet was captured in London and brought to Pignerol. He was forbidden to speak to anyone on pain of death. The precautions used were so extraordinary that they have become proverbial ever since, and this man has invariably overshadowed all his fellow-prisoners. When Saint Mars suggested that he might be employed as a valet to Lauzun, Louvois refused, but said he might serve Fouquet in that capacity. Why the one and not the other we shall never know. Fouquet, it happened, who was fifty years of age when



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PASSAGE FROM GRAND SALON TO HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he first came to Pignerol, had amused himself for some time in doctoring a dropsical prisoner-valet, and teaching him to read. But this La Rivière was changed in 1675 for the mysterious masked prisoner. In 1678 Louvois sent Fouquet a sealed letter, which was handed to him by Saint Mars, unbroken. In it Louvois asked, "Had the new valet, Dager, said anything to the old valet, La Rivière, as to the reasons for his (Dager's) imprisonment?" Fouquet replied "No," and was forthwith accorded much greater liberty, being allowed to see his family, the officers of the garrison, and Lauzun, provided always that Lauzun and Dager never met. In March, 1680, Fouquet died, just ten months before Count Mattioli, secretary to the Duke of Mantua, reached Pignerol in his turn. Soon afterwards Lauzun was released. Mattioli went mad. But the two valets, probably

because of their occupation, were still sane, and were carefully guarded in the lower tower together. From Pignerol they were moved, still with the precautions on which Louvois invariably insisted, to Exiles. In 1687 La Rivière died. In May of the same year Daurer (the Iron Mask) was taken to the Isles Sainte Marguerite, off Cannes, by Saint Mars, who never left him. Meanwhile, the Minister Louvois died in 1691, and was succeeded by Barbézieux, who inherited the official anxiety about Daurer. In 1694 Mattioli died at Sainte Marguerite, whither he, too, had been transferred. In 1698 Barbézieux gave Saint Mars command of the Bastille, and the Man in the Iron Mask came up to Paris with him. In November, 1703, Daurer died in the Bastille, still in his mask, and so was buried. His secret was buried with him. To this day nobody knows what he had done; and it may well be that even the unhappy Fouquet was as

Duc de Praslin, under whose ownership the place still further suffered.

But in 1875 it passed into the cultured care of M. Sommier, its present owner, of whom the greatest praise that can be said is that Vaux le Vicomte now is almost exactly the Vaux le Vicomte Fouquet built. Its restoration has been a work as worthy of modern France as was its creation of the seventeenth century. It remains a type of the "Grand Siècle" that will always be difficult to surpass, and that no private property has yet equalled in its own country.

By means of the photographs so carefully taken by Mr. Frederick Evans for this series of the Châteaux of France, my readers will be able to get a better idea of their multitudinous and varied beauties than has ever been possible before either in France or England. I desire also to tender my sincerest thanks to the many proprietors and Government officials who have made possible by their great kindness so desirable a consummation.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## IN THE GARDEN.

TREES AND SHRUBS IN WINTER.

W HERE there are valuable trees and shrubs in the garden it is wise to prepare for snow-falls, and light props should be at hand to relieve the branches of their burden. Much damage is done to the heavy-foliaged trees and shrub, especially the Coniferous family, by a fall of snow, and not infrequently branches are broken off, spoiling the contour of a specimen. The work of lightening the branches of their burden should not be entrusted to a labourer, but to one who knows something of the character of the tree. The work must be gently performed to avoid injury to the young shoots, and it should not be delayed. Another important work at the present moment is the staking of the trees ready for the winter. Every tie should be examined to see whether it is cutting into the bark and preventing the proper development of the stem. Many trees—we write of the orchard too—are crippled through inattention to this detail. Insect pests frequently make their abode in the folds of old ties, so that an examination at intervals is essential to preserve the health of the tree.

FILBERTS AND COB NUTS.

As this is the planting season for Filberts and Cob Nuts, the following note about them may be interesting: "These are not appreciated by all owners of gardens, but those who grow them find them useful in the autumn and winter. They pay better for planting on deeply cultivated ground than as sometimes seen under opposite conditions. Fifteen feet apart is a good distance between the trees, and pruning must take place annually for forming the best-

shaped trees for bearing and convenience of gathering the Nuts, that is, the Kentish shape, with a clear stem of a few inches between the surface of the ground and the lowest branches, the branches to form a circle with a hollow centre, the shape of a basin. The branches should be at an angle, so that the ends are near enough to the ground for the nuts to be gathered and pruning done without the aid of steps or ladders. This is also a suitable time for pruning established trees. Take out straight growths of the current year, the stronger from above and below the bearing part of the branches and others that may be misplaced, so as to form a flat surface of bearing wood without crowding. The varieties that bear most freely are the Red Filbert, White Filbert, Kentish Cob and Wells' Prize Cob."

THE TAMARISKS.

It is seldom one sees a group of the Tamarisks in the English garden, in spite of their remarkable beauty not only of growth, but of flower colouring. The common Tamarisk (*T. gallica*) is a well-known native shrub, but is rarely brought into the garden, where it is more beautiful than on the windswept seacoasts of the South. It is also a native of France and Northern



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FROM THE SALLE D'ÉTÉ TO THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE.

"C.L."

ignorant as we are. But that sealed letter from Louvois suggests that the old Surintendant knew something. Was the masked prisoner connected in any way with the great and fatal fête of Vaux le Vicomte, and was he one of the many whose doom was sealed on that extraordinary occasion? We can believe it—but there is no shadow of evidence.

I cannot here trace further what Colbert did when once "the serpent" had got "the squirrel" out of the way. But "the lion," Louis, left Vaux le Vicomte to Fouquet's son. The Surintendant's grandson became a peer under the singularly appropriate title of Marquis de Belleisle. In 1705 Mme. Fouquet sold Vaux le Vicomte to the Maréchal de Villars, whose pretty wife's portrait is in the château to this day, probably painted by Coypel, a trace of the times when Voltaire visited at Vaux, and when the great gardens were sadly neglected by their military owner. In 1764 the Marshal sold the estate to Gabriel de Choiseul,

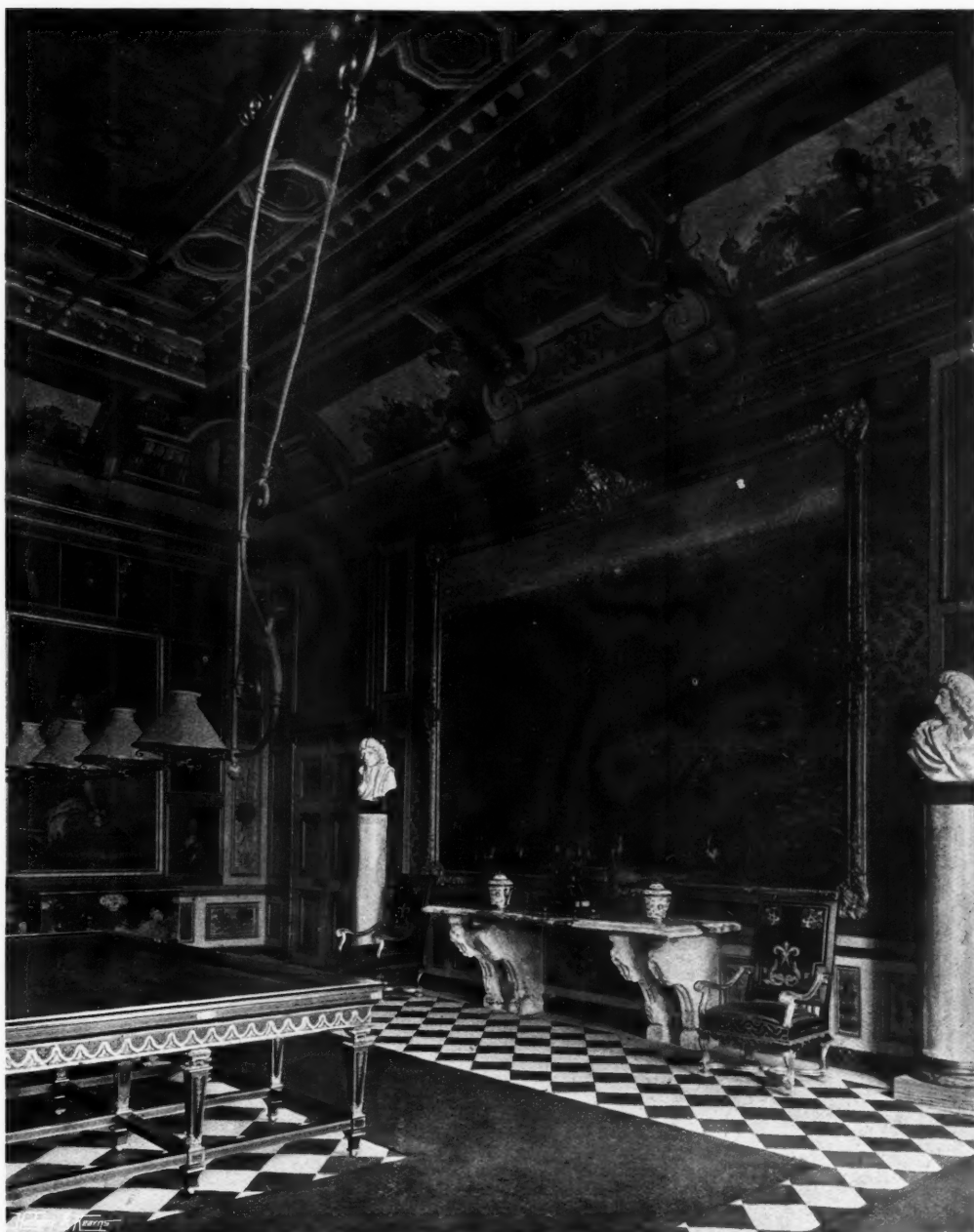
Africa, where the shrub is known as *T. africana* and *T. algeriensis*. In the "Treasury of Botany" this shrub is referred to as follows: "The stems and leaves abound in sulphate of soda, and it produces in Arabia a substance considered by the Bedouins a great dainty, and called by them 'mann,' or 'manna,' for its outward resemblance to the manna of Scripture. In the month of June it drops from the branches upon the fallen twigs and leaves, which always cover the ground beneath the tree, and, being collected and cleaned, is eaten with bread. Some travellers suppose this substance to be not an exudation from the tree, but the produce of an insect that infests the Tamarisk." The way to obtain the finest effect of the Tamarisk is to group it. Masses of the shrub have a delightful effect when the feathery growth is smothered in the pink mist of flowers, and it can be grown with equal success inland as by the sea, which is its natural habitat. The soil should be moist, and neither heavy nor light; propagation is very easy, stems cut from *T. gallica* rooting freely. Besides *T. gallica*, there are several other beautiful kinds, such as *T. chinensis*, *T. tetrandra* and *T. hispida*.

#### WINTER IN THE GARDEN.

The garden that is cared for by one who has a love of flowers in the heart is not sad. The brilliancy of summer and the cool colourings of autumn have flown, but the greys and browns are clearer and prettier in the light of a winter's day than in the glare of July or the ruddy richness of October. A grey border has been planted several years by the writer. The Lavender is kissing Rosemary, and the Santolina running riot among the woolly, silvery leaf of the Lamb's-ear, or *Phlomis*, while here and there the blue of the Pansy peeps out to greet the wintry sun, as it steals in the afternoon across this border of silvery grey. Nestling against the wall of the house is the winter-flowering Iris (*I. stylosa*), which loves a warm place and a warm soil, sheltered from the winds from east and west, which chill the flowers and seem to dry up their fragrance. This Iris flowers with great freedom, and the buds open perfectly in water. On a sunny wall *Jasminum nudiflorum*, the yellow-flowered Jasmine of winter, is flowering gaily, and a bright note of colour its sweet-smelling petals give to the garden in winter. Christmas Roses are pearly white in the cool, moist ditchside, and rough protection in the shape of litter, or a handlight for the best clumps, is at hand to shield the flowers as much as possible from rains and frosts. A warm green comes from the bushes of *Pernettya* and *Skimmia*, and the berries of the Holly glint in the sunshine. A spicy perfume is carried on the wind from the rough fringing woodland, and one detects the Coltsfoot, the greyest flower of the winter. When severe frost checks planting or digging, we repair to the copse and cut stems for making stakes, to be used in due season. Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Lilies and many other tall-growing plants need such assistance. The winter has its work in the garden, and the short hours must be made the most of.

#### RANDOM NOTES.

*Renovating the Mixed Border.*—As this is the season to give fresh life to the mixed border which has been planted several years, the following notes from a well-known flower gardener will be useful: "The vigorous life of the majority of our herbaceous plants averages from two to five years, by which time they outgrow their usefulness and should be superseded by fresh young plants; hence the necessity of renovating the borders every third or fourth year, either by adding fresh soil and manure to vigorous plants or by transplanting them entirely. So many plants quickly exhaust the soil about them that without renovation the flowers decrease in size and the growth is ragged and unhealthy. To renovate the borders dig up the weakly plants, and retain a small portion of the outside of the clump to be replanted. Never replant from the middle of any clump a herbaceous plant like *Chrysanthemum maximum*, *Moon Daisy* (*Pyrethrum uliginosum*), *Phlox* or *Asters* (*Michaelmas Daisies*), but select instead the sucker-like growths from the outside. Remove the soil 1 ft. deep, and as wide again as the size of the root to be put in. Replace the soil with some from quite another part of the garden, adding half-rotten manure. The whole of the border between the plants not requiring fresh planting should be forked over lightly near the plants, so as not to interfere with the roots more than is absolutely necessary. Afterwards, mulch the surface of the border 2 in. thick with old potting soil, wood ashes and leaf-mould, and a little quick-lime added will be beneficial to the bulk of the plants."



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VAUX LE VICOMTE: THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*The Christmas Rose.*—The earliest to flower of the Christmas Rose family is *Maximus*, which bears large white flowers in November and continues in beauty for many weeks. This early blooming is a great gain, as protection is not necessary, the flowers appearing before the worst of the winter weather is likely to occur. A sheltered position, however, is advisable, as the *Hellebores* enjoy shade and moisture, such as a ditch or fringe of woodland would provide, the soil to be a rich loam. Once planted, they should not be disturbed, as this they resent; but if an increase of stock is required, sufficient pieces can be taken off in spring, when the new leaves are about to appear. Christmas Roses are very beautiful when cut, but at this season of the year, when they are to be grown for this purpose, the clumps must be protected with a handlight over each.

*A December Flower.*—The Winter *Gladiolus*, as *Schizostylis coccinea* is appropriately called, has flowered exceptionally well this year, as quantities of the *Gladiolus*-like spikes sent to the writer testify. They are a clear crimson in colour, and most suitable for using in the house. Although the plant is quite hardy it is well to choose a sheltered place for it, such as against a wall or fence where protection can be readily afforded in the event of sharp frosts occurring. Moisture it must have, and during the summer should be frequently watered.

*The Austrian Briar Roses.*—A well-known Rose-grower writes: "The intense yellow colouring of the flowers of the Persian Yellow and also of the single Austrian Briar should commend these Roses to those who can appreciate their rich beauty. In the early days of June, when few Roses are in bloom, the flowers of the yellow Austrian Briar are most welcome, when this is grown as it should be, as an unpruned bush. It is a charming companion to the Copper Austrian, both of which mingle so admirably with the Penzance Briars for hedge-making. These Roses are usually budded upon the Manetti stock, which is admirably adapted for this purpose. They are impatient of being transplanted, so that if they could be budded in their permanent positions all the better. As standards they are seen to great advantage. It is best to allow the plants, whether they are standards or bushes, to grow unpruned the first year, then the next season prune hard to obtain young

growth. In subsequent years little or no pruning is necessary, not even cutting the ends off the shoots. If an old growth or two are cut away every spring or autumn the supply of fresh shoots will be kept up. The variety *Harrisoni* is a great favourite. It more resembles the Scotch Roses in growth, and the colour of the flowers is a rich primrose yellow. It is one of the first to unfold its pretty buds, following closely the charming Scotch Roses. The Yellow Scotch Rose is much like a variety known as Williams' Double Yellow; in fact, I can see no difference between them. *Rosa hispida* is also another variation."

## THE SELECTION OF ROOTS.

**I**N the hurry and rush of life, the dweller in the metropolis who takes an interest in rural affairs would, perhaps, forget how quickly one year seems to follow another were it not that he is suddenly confronted with the fact that it is Cattle Show Week—another year gone, and Christmas near at hand.

During the past week the Smithfield Club, founded in 1798, has been holding its annual exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, and those specially interested in the various breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs will have found gathered together in the hall at Islington the best that this country, or for that matter any other country, can produce. To the young farmer from a far-distant county—who, maybe, has visited the show for the first time—it



RED GLOBE TURNIP.

must have been an inspiration and education to study the characteristics and points of stock other than the breeds with which he is familiar in his own neighbourhood, to gauge the possibilities of this or that breed in view of his own particular requirements and surroundings, to note the good points of the various kinds of apparatus and machinery, their practical adaptation, perhaps, to the cultivation of his own farm or for use in the harvest-field, to visit also the galleries and inspect the magnificent assortment of feeding roots exhibited by the leading merchants and growers—Carter's, Garton's, King's, Sutton's, Webb's, and others. Such a display as staged here is only seen once a year, and is in a sense peculiar to the Smithfield Club.

It has long been recognised by farmers and others interested that the value—the food value—of turnips, swedes and mangels leaves something to be desired; the amount of water present in all roots, which does not in any way add to their feeding value, has to be reckoned with. The value of a crop does not depend upon the grower's ability to produce the colossal well-shaped roots which are so much admired, and are able to turn the scale at a



GROUP OF ELEPHANT SWEDES.

high weight per acre, but rather upon the net weight of the nutritive material contained in the roots. By the application of scientific methods in the selection of sugar beet on the Continent, the possibility of the improvement of roots, apart from their exterior appearance, has been established for many years. The beet-growers have fixed and perpetuated a higher percentage of sugar than was ever attained previous to the year 1850; this improvement in the sugar content was produced by selection only, and when it commenced the average amount of sugar was a little over 5 per cent. Well on in the fifties a ton of roots would average  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the increase being due to the

method of selecting the "mother" roots for seed purposes by the specific gravity test, individual roots of greatest density only being selected. In the sixties and seventies the sugar content had risen to 10 per cent., and in the two following decades to 15 per cent. and more. The increase of sugar in the sugar beet from 5 per



GLOBE MANGEL.

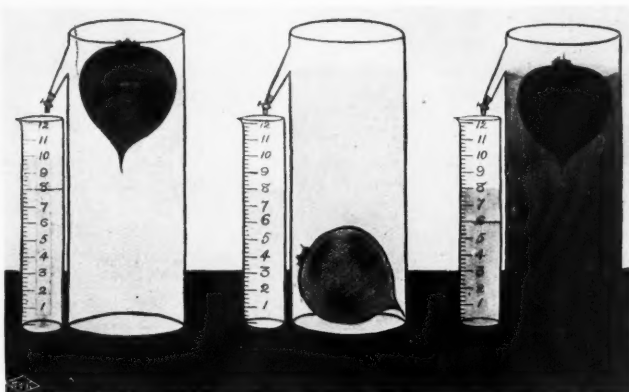
cent. to 20 per cent. is now an accomplished fact, but it has taken 100 years to arrive at that fulfilment.

Some years ago there was inaugurated in connection with root crops in this country,



LONG RED MANGEL.

by Messrs. James Carter and Co., the London seedsmen, what is known as the "Carter" method of root selection, which is based to some extent upon the methods in use on the Continent, supplemented and improved by the accumulated experience of the firm throughout the greater portion of last century. The new method of root selection as propounded by the originators embraces as its main and cardinal features the following distinct tests: the specific gravity or density of the entire root, the density of the expressed juice, the sugar content and the amount of dry matter. It is pre-eminently a reasonable



TESTING DENSITY OF ROOTS.

assumption, and one that cannot be gainsaid, that the higher the specific gravity the better the quality. If we take two roots practically the same size one in each hand, one may be heavy, solid, hard, and if you endeavour to slice it with a knife you can only do so with difficulty; the other root is light and spongy. The difference between the two is so apparent that an expert's opinion or any elaborate test is not necessary to define which is the better of the two. In the experiments carried on during many years the fact has been well established that the density of the root as a whole is a guide to its keeping quality.

The principle underlying the term "specific" gravity, or relative density, and the method adopted in determining it, may be explained simply in the following way: Any body floating in water displaces exactly its own weight of water, and when quite immersed displaces its own volume; therefore, when we know the weight and volume of a body, the density is readily determined by dividing its weight by its "water" bulk. In the illustration referring to the density of roots, in the left-hand figure, it will be observed that the root is floating in water, the measure glass showing a heavy line at the figure 8, which is the weight indication of the root.

The stop-cock of

the vessel is closed, the root pressed gently under the surface, and when perfectly at rest the stop-cock is opened and the rise of the liquid overflows into the smaller vessel at the side until it reaches the figure 10, which, in this case, is the volume indication, therefore,  $8 \div 10 = .8$  specific gravity. The centre diagram of the same illustration shows, at the bottom of the vessel, a root that is heavier than water, and its volume registers 8 on the measure glass; it is thence transferred to a liquid of

which the density has been increased; in this the root floats as seen, and the relative density is then calculated. In these experiments it has been considered that, in the density of the root, as a whole, the quantity of water and number of air cells are determining factors, for it is their presence that constitutes the disturbing element which may imperil the longevity of the root and give rise to decay.

In keeping roots over the winter, many may show signs of decomposition, though not very apparent externally, and it is the denser and heavier roots that have invariably proved to be the best keepers. During recent years many determinations of the density of the juice of both swedes and mangels have been made, and it is claimed that the results are such as to be indicative of the keeping qualities of the root as well as of its feeding value; also by this means the stock is improved by scrupulously rejecting for seed purposes all those roots of low specific gravity. In the early stages of investigation the amount of sugar present in swedes and mangels was determined in the following way: The first step was to prepare for analysis roots which might be considered fairly representative of a large bulk. Two lots, each containing forty or fifty roots of an average size, were taken and halved from the crown to the base, the halves divided again into quarters, and then into eighths. One one-eighth section from each root was put into a pulping machine and thoroughly well mixed. The pulp thus made provided material for the examinations required, the sugar content being determined both chemically and by means of the polariscope. When the separate lots were carefully sampled the average of the two was accepted as a fair test. The value of a test of this kind was very great, but at the same time it was obvious that for seed-growing purposes it was too drastic, for the whole root, as may be seen, was destroyed. In view of this wholesale destruction the apparatus figured was brought into use, which enables a "core" to be extracted for analytical purposes out of the individual or "mother" root, leaving the same perfectly available for seed purposes, for if the extracted "core" prove to have attained a certain standard of excellence in the tests to which it has been subjected, the root is planted not one whit the worse for the operation of "coring." As the method of



"CORING" A ROOT.



EXAMPLE OF DEGENERATION.



TANKARD MANGEL

Showing portion extracted for analysis.

examination comprises four distinct tests representing four values, a system has been adopted whereby the combined qualities are registered under a common denominator. The combined qualities of the poorest mangel reached only 10.15 per cent. of value, while those of the best amounted to 25.45 per cent. of value. These are two extremes, and they show at a glance the necessity of discarding the one and fostering the other.

The determination of the amount of water in roots is a somewhat tedious operation, and is as follows: A portion of the core is cut quickly into very thin slices, weighed and spread out on filter papers to dry, or strung up on a thread and put into a special oven heated to 55deg. or 60deg. C., careful attention being paid that not the slightest atom is lost. When dried and brittle, this is ground to powder, and the operation is finished when the powdered dry core ceases to lose weight. The various records of the great weight of roots grown per acre give one an extremely erroneous impression as to the actual amount of food produced. The same is true of all sorts which perhaps at best only contain about 12 per cent. of solid matter, many containing, maybe, only half that quantity. The quantity of water contained in different roots is somewhat as follows: Mangels contain of water 85 per cent. to 94 per cent. In the former case the dry matter would equal 15 per cent., and in the latter 6 per cent. Swedes contain 86 per cent. to 92 per cent. of water, yellow turnips 90 per cent. to 92 per cent., white turnips 92 per cent. to 95 per cent. These figures indicate the difference in feeding value between a close, firm, hard texture on the one hand, and a soft, spongy root on the other. There can be not the least doubt that the best roots for seed production are those selected by the combined tests of density of root and juice, and the quantity of sugar and dry matter.

It is particularly gratifying to those interested in this departure from old ways and methods, that feeding experiments, recently carried out both on the Continent and in this country, have demonstrated the practical value of this new method. The results of animals being fed on roots differing in the total amount of dry matter have, in every case, pointed conclusively to the superior feeding value of the roots containing the highest percentage of dry matter.

D. FINLAYSON.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE *Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst* created a great sensation when published in Germany, as they threw a brilliant and strong light on many points that hitherto had been obscure in the policy of Germany, both in its internal aspect and as it affected the rest of Europe. An English translation has been made by Mr. George W. Chrystal, and published in two volumes by William Heinemann. The book is a very serious contribution to history. The two volumes contain between them nearly 1,000 pages, so that it is no light task to extract from them such a gist of the matter as can be dealt with in a short review. The method adopted, too, tells more in favour of thoroughness than of perspicuity. In 1901 the Prince, who had then resigned the office of the Imperial Chancellor, thought of writing his memoirs, and asked Friedrich Curtius to assist him. However, he died before he could carry out his project. His papers were left to his son, Prince Alexander, and it was a question how they should be treated. Probably if Prince Hohenlohe had lived he would have moulded his memoirs into a continuous narrative; but the biographer did not feel justified in taking that liberty with them, and has confined himself to the business of arranging and elucidating what are really the *disjecta membra* of a life. He has been greatly assisted by the fact that the Prince was a voluminous correspondent, and also from the year 1866 onwards kept a journal in which he recorded his experience and impressions. Further, the widowed Princess Konstantine of Hohenlohe and the Prince's surviving sister, Princess Elise of Salm-Horstmar, contributed many personal papers. Thus a document of immense importance has been added to the material available for European history in the nineteenth century. The Prince was born in 1819, and lived to see a new century begun. From a very early time he was concerned with practical affairs, and his life forms in itself a review of half a century of German history. In addition to that it has the human interest of showing how the education and training of a German noble were conducted. The portraits with which this book is ornamented show the subject of the memoirs to have possessed a delicate, clear-cut face, animated by a keen intelligence, but devoid of that strong masterfulness that characterised his contemporary Bismarck. His father was Franz Joseph of Bavaria, who on March 30th, 1815, was married to Princess Konstanze of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. From contemporary correspondents we get several very pretty pictures of a gay and happy childhood, but very early in life we find the Prince complaining of "broken health of body and mind, despondent imaginings." He describes his life at

Erfurt as "joyless and friendless." The first of his letters which has been preserved belongs to the summer of 1835, part of which was spent in a walking tour through the Harz Mountains. In 1837 he sat for his last examination at Erfurt, and on June 3rd the formal leave-taking took place. Part of the farewell speech of the head-master is reported, and it reads strangely enough to English ears. The succeeding years are full of accounts of study, intermingled with walking tours and other holidays. He very soon began to display some of that fastidiousness which characterised him in later life. "It has happened to me," he wrote in a letter of 1840, "to stand by a lady with such a lack of interest in her that I was able to run over the whole of my revision lecture for the next day." By the year 1846 many projects for marrying him had been on foot. We find him writing in that year to his cousin the Princess Amalie: "You would rejoice at the courage and energy with which I mean to carve out my career"; and it would seem that for a time he had resolved to follow his own inclination exclusively in regard to securing a partner for life. Later on in the year his opinions seem to have changed, and we find him writing as follows about the lady who was destined to become his wife:

Herr von Verno told me in Cologne that the Wittgensteins were coming to Schwaibach. Uncle Constantine's friend, Herr Mühlens, from Frankfurt, knows the family very well. From his account they are all very distinguished people, and Herr Mühlens himself is a most honourable, fascinating, and accomplished man of the world. *La personne principale* is said to be a marvel of charm and simplicity, pious, good, &c., &c. Should I not be a fool to let this opportunity of seeing her escape? Notwithstanding her seventeen years the lady is very independent, and will not be an easy prize. There is no difficulty about an introduction to the family. Frau von Lazareff and Princess Fanny Biron, who are on very friendly terms with the Wittgensteins, were in Ostend. I won both their hearts by my flattering attentions, moonlight walks, boating expeditions, and songs, so that they invited me warmly to call on them in Schwaibach, where they are to stay for a week with the Wittgensteins. Without exactly speaking of the plan I had had in view, I observed that they cherished the same wish, and as they are extremely tactful and nice, as well as somewhat fond of matchmaking, I can calmly approach the situation others have prepared for me. The web of intrigue which I have spun for this object only, with the people who have been drawn in without knowing anything about it, is truly Jesuitical, and I plume myself greatly upon it. As regards the main point, however, you may be sure I shall act in all honour, and shall not forget Gelzer's Tenth Address. I am fully persuaded of the serious nature of the step that may ensue on this journey, and will allow no external circumstances to persuade me to adopt a lie for the partner of my life. I have enough courage, and am calm and sure enough of myself, to manage the affair with prudence.

He was married on February 16th, 1847, and very pretty indeed is the account he gives of the life the newly-wedded couple led at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. By that time his interest in politics had very greatly deepened, and the remainder of the first volume is mostly concerned with his Ministry at Athens, Rome and Florence between 1848 and 1850.

The second volume has more political interest than the first, chiefly because the events are nearer to us. The dominating personality from 1870 onwards, a period covered by the volume, was that of Prince Bismarck, and we see him continually forcing his own opinions to the front, and regarding with a jealous and vigilant eye those whose power threatened to rival his own. During the continuation of the Franco-Prussian War he seems to have regarded even the power of Moltke with suspicion. The light shed upon the inner circles of German politics at that moving time is most interesting. Later on we come again to matters of a deeper personal interest. Many will turn, for example, to the account of the negotiations that preceded the Treaty of Berlin. The following is a lively account of the gathering together of the plenipotentiaries:

The Secretary of State soon came, and then the Imperial Chancellor. We went to the buffet, which was spread in the adjoining room, and drank port and ate biscuits. The plenipotentiaries gradually arrived. Count Corti, a small ugly man, who looked like a Japanese, with Launay; then the Turk, an insignificant young man; Count Schuwaloff; then old Gortchakoff, very shaky; and lastly the Englishmen and the Frenchmen. Waddington in laced uniform. The first meeting between Lord Beaconsfield and Gortchakoff was interesting as an historic event. A move was then made into the room where the sittings were held. Bismarck made an introductory speech, and proposed to elect the officials. Andrassy, after previous consultation with the other plenipotentiaries, rose and proposed the election of Bismarck as president. He then made proposals as regards the secretary and recorder, which were accepted. I then introduced the *personnel*.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech was described as very clear and emphatic, but as giving the impression of wishing "to enforce scrupulously the English position." The Russians seemed to be anxious, but Bismarck intervened as much as he could, and directed the matter with great skill. Bismarck is said to have been at bottom suspicious of the English, and to have declared that they were shameless and clumsy. Prince Hohenlohe's own impression of our representatives is contained in the following sentence:

Salisbury, who sat opposite at dinner, has a remarkable head, a high forehead, regular features, long hair, a full beard, and withal a depressed expression. Beaconsfield fills me with a growing dislike.

The beginning of the quarrel between the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck is noted at the time when the Emperor Frederick was dying. The Prince had gone to Heuduck, who thinks that if the Emperor were to die the Crown Prince would immediately travel to Berlin. "Then we might have to bury two Emperors within no long space of time!" Hitherto, I had assumed that Prince Wilhelm was in complete harmony with Bismarck. Heuduck agrees to this, but says that there are signs that when the Prince becomes Emperor he will not be able to live in permanent agreement with Bismarck. It seems that Conservative influences opposed to Bismarck will become operative. This would be unfortunate. The Prince is, in any case, not popular in Germany, and will have to be very careful to turn public opinion in his favour.

Here is a singular account of the treatment that the dying Emperor was receiving:

This afternoon I drove to Bismarck before the Court reception. I found him looking well and talkative, though he complains that his powers are at an end. He says he cannot get away, as otherwise all kinds of absurdities would be committed. We spoke of the administration of the oath to the officials and the Provincial Council. He said that all this might be left alone for the present, as there would soon be changes, and that there was no question of any hope. He admires the Emperor, and is the more sorry for him as he had been told that he was roughly and inconsiderately treated by the English doctors. He understood that they removed the tube to clean it without putting another in its place, neglected his convenience, etc. The Empress, too, was callous and inconsiderate.

It was evident from the first that the new Kaiser and Bismarck were not going to get on well. Indeed, the Chancellor does not seem to have had an overweening affection for any of his masters. He declared even the Emperor Frederick "an

egotistical, cold man" who had no heart. One of the Emperor's speeches was made on March 22nd, 1890.

The Emperor made a speech in honour of the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales, and mentioned his nomination as a British admiral (he was wearing the uniform) and the comradeship in arms in the battle of Waterloo, and expressed the hope that the English fleet, together with the German army, would maintain peace. Moltke then said to me: "Goethe says, '*A political song is a nasty song!*'" He also expressed the hope that this speech would not appear in the papers.

The real difference between the Kaiser and his Chancellor is described in the following paragraph:

The conversation with Windthorst would not have ended in any breach, but Bismarck is said to have got so angry in the course of his discussion with the Emperor that the Emperor afterwards said "it was all he could do to refrain from throwing the ink-pot at my head."

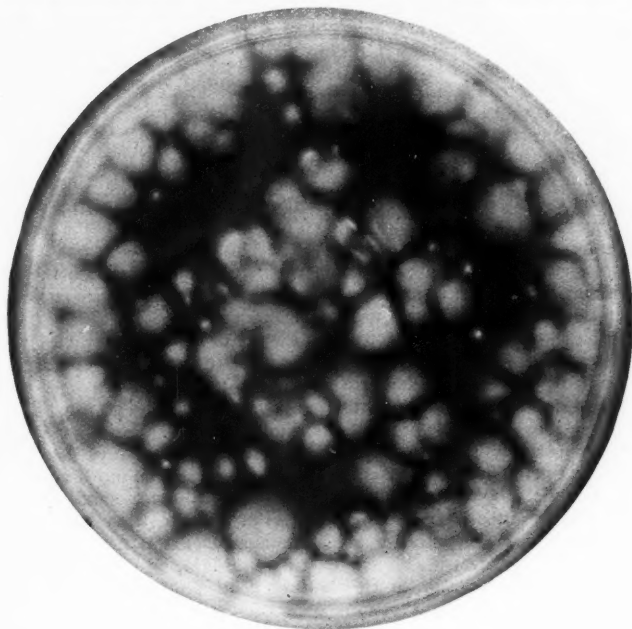
To these differences were added the Emperor's mistrust of the Prince's foreign policy. He suspected Bismarck of attempting to guide the policy of the country upon secret plans of his own, and of acting with the object of abandoning Austria and the Triple Alliance and of securing an understanding with Russia. The Emperor declines to agree to this, and holds fast to the Alliance. Herbert Bismarck, too, is regarded with great distrust in Vienna, as Münster says, and this was bound to lead to a breach. Whether it is true that the Emperor sent a letter to Queen Victoria without the Chancellor's knowledge, and that the fact became known in Berlin, I cannot discover, but the story is repeated.

After that a rupture was unavoidable, and it was not very long in coming. These are but a few incidents in a book which contains an extraordinary amount of information about the aims and policy of a great country. It deserves a place in every political library.

## OUR BUTTER ANALYSIS.

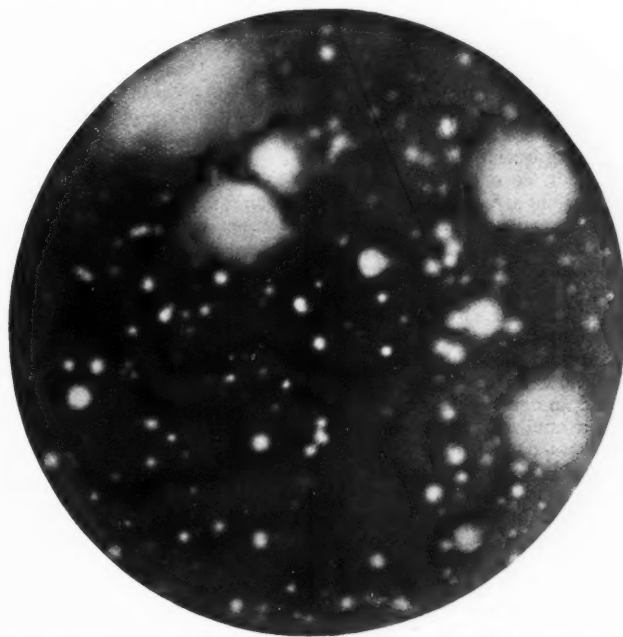
IN continuation of the article which appeared under this heading in our number of November 17th, 1906, we to-day give the analyses and report made by Mr. Lloyd of three other samples of butter submitted to him. They were sent in the same way as before. In order that no indication might be given of their origin, the samples were wrapped in plain white paper and marked E., F. and G. For purposes of comparison we reproduce the analysis of English butter given in our previous article. It ought to be said, however, that the producer of this butter, although it is superior to any that we have as yet submitted to the analyst, informs us that owing to an accident the sample did not represent his butter as good as it usually is. However, we have selected one or two from other good English dairies for further analysis, so that the comparison between our own product and that of different countries may be made as wide as possible. It remains to say something about the analyses published to-day. The first sample, marked E., was a specimen of the "best Irish" purchased in one of the most reputable shops in London. The vendor did not know for what purpose the butter was wanted, but was simply asked to give the best quality he had,

other we have yet had analysed, and it also has a greater proportion of ash and salt, the percentage being 3.69, with .26 in English butter. The suggestion of the analyst that it is a "renovated butter," and not a natural butter at all, is, to say the



MOULD CULTURES FROM SAMPLE G.

regardless of price. We are sincerely sorry that the result is not more favourable, as everyone wishes success to the dairy industry in Ireland. Comparison with the previous analyses will show that this butter contains a higher proportion of water than any



BACTERIA & MOULD CULTURES FROM SAMPLE F.

least, discouraging. The two foreign butters were obtained from leading hotels which are noted for the excellence of the food they supply. One of them, it will be noticed, comes out very well, although not so well as the English, since it contains more moisture, less fat and more ash and salt. In the third case, the striking bacteriological result requires no comment. We reproduce the photographs sent by Mr. Lloyd. In our next article we propose to analyse some of the popular English dairy butters.

"Herewith I enclose the results of my analyses of the three further samples of butter marked E., F. and G.

"Sample E. was very soft and badly made, having a peculiar granular texture, such as I have seldom seen in genuine butter. It had a strong salt smell and but little butter aroma, a very strong salt flavour, and left on the tongue a slightly bitter taste. It had no butter flavour. Examined subsequently, fourteen days after it reached me, the outside had only slightly turned, the inside was still devoid of any aroma, the flavour was hidden by the salt, but the bitter flavour left on the tongue was more marked.

"The analysis shows that this butter contained a high proportion of moisture and a very large amount of salt.

"The microscopical examination was somewhat remarkable. For some days no bacteria appeared on the plate on which these organisms are cultivated, and only after a week's incubation was I able to find that bacteria were present and apparently all of one variety. At first this led me to suppose that the butter was exceptionally pure, but upon investigating the nature of these bacteria I find that they are not the lactic acid organism, in fact that no lactic acid bacteria appear to be present, but a micrococcus, the nature of which I have not determined.

"It therefore appears to me that this substance has in some way been sterilised and that in all probability it is what is termed a renovated butter and not a natural butter at all.

"Sample F.—This butter had a nice colour, was well made, cutting quite solid, and was composed of a hard butter fat, it had a good aroma and a good flavour creamy and somewhat nutty. Fourteen days afterwards the exterior was very slightly rancid, but internally it still had a nice nutty aroma. The flavour was not quite so good as when first received, but was not objectionable. The analysis shows that this was a well-made butter, almost entirely free from salt, and containing neither too much casein nor too much water.

"Bacteriological examination showed that the butter was not quite so pure as might be wished, there being a few moulds present and other organisms which do not tend to improve the quality of the butter, nevertheless this is a very well made, clean and pleasant flavoured butter, far superior to the majority of butters which I have investigated.

"Sample G. was a fairly well-made granular butter, cutting solid, and of moderately hard fat. It had hardly any aroma, and was almost flavourless, but the little aroma and flavour present were not unpleasant. After keeping fourteen days the butter had become but very slightly rancid on the outside, and internally

had developed no aroma nor butter flavour, but had acquired a somewhat slightly soapy taste. The analysis shows that it was a well-made butter, though not quite so well made as sample F.

"The bacteriological examination, however, was most striking. The butter was laden with mould spores, and their growth on the plate almost inhibited the development of any bacteria that were present. I could scarcely believe but that by some accident I had used some contaminated material, so I repeated the bacteriological investigation of all three samples and obtained results identical with those previously obtained.

"I enclose for your inspection photographs of the bacteriological plate cultures of samples F. and G. The colonies on plate E. were so small that they could not be photographed.

Certificate of analysis of three samples of butter received from the editor of COUNTRY LIFE, marked E., F. and G. The samples contained the following constituents:

	E.		F.		G.	
Moisture	...	15.81	...	12.67	...	13.73
Fat	...	79.50	...	86.50	...	85.24
Casein	...	1.00	...	.63	...	.56
Ash and salt	...	3.69	...	.20	...	.47
		100.00		100.00		100.00
ENGLISH BUTTER.						
Water	...	...	...	...	...	11.99
Fat	...	...	...	...	...	87.03
Casein	...	...	...	...	...	.72
Salts	...	...	...	...	...	.26
						100.00.

FREDERICK J. LLOYD.

## SHOOTING.

### THE PROPER HINDS TO SELECT FOR SHOOTING.

WE have received a good deal of correspondence lately, as a consequence of articles dealing with the right treatment of a forest in respect of the stags which should be killed and left, on a subject which must surely be of nearly, if not quite, equal importance for the general stock—the hinds which should be killed and those which should be left. It is a side of the big question which has been a good deal neglected. As one of our correspondents says: "I have seen much which is excellent written on the subject of improving the modern stag by sparing the best beasts for stock, instead of shooting everything with a decent head; but no one ever seems to think of the hinds. I suppose shooting hinds is often left to the stalker, who probably picks out for execution, as far as he can, 'yeld' hinds, and leaves a lot of miserable wretches, perhaps with July calves, which, calves and all, would be much better out of the way. Surely the 'yeld' hind is just the beast which ought to be left. She may have missed one year, or slipped her calf, or had an early calf which met an eagle at the edge of a precipice, or a hundred and one other things, and she looks big and fat, and is shot as a 'yeld' hind. I believe if all the 'yeld' hinds were spared for a few years, and about twice the number of other hinds, and as many late calves as possible, were ruthlessly destroyed, we should see a better stock." A "yeld" hind, according to Scrope, is one "that has not bred for the season," but, as our correspondent above rightly points out, it cannot very well be determined of a hind who is without a calf whether or not this is the case with her until she has been shot; and, however it be, there certainly seems a presumption that such a hind would be likely to have an early calf in the following season. Of course, this presumption would not arise if there were any probability at all of the hind which is without a calf one year being without one again the next, but all the best opinion is quite opposed to the idea of any such probability. As another correspondent writes: "I think in many cases a 'yeld' hind would be found to have an early calf, and, if so, an early calf from a strong mother would probably be a strong calf." As further touching this point, another correspondent, who is in the habit of killing an average of sixty hinds yearly, and who makes a careful examination of all that are killed, writes: "Some people have an idea that a 'yeld' hind is always barren. I am quite convinced that they are wrong." This is a view based on examination of "yeld" hinds killed. One of the most experienced professional stalkers in the Highlands, one, too, who has a knowledge of natural history, in which many of them are singularly deficient, and who examines carefully all the hinds that are killed, writes to the same effect: "There are causes why some hinds never produce calves, but this is rare. I have known, and have heard of more frequently, hinds mixed up alone with a herd of stags for years, and in each case without a calf. In both cases the hinds have been apparently

in good condition." On the whole question, however, the same high authority writes: "I must say that I look at it from another point of view, viz., when a hind with calf following (especially a young one) is shot, the result is as a rule that the poor orphan calf becomes a solitary wanderer, and often remains in the neighbourhood of the place where it lost its mother. In many cases, when bad weather sets in it is found dead, not having sense to seek a more sheltered or more productive situation. So, any disadvantage on the one side is more than made up for on the other. I maintain that both stags and hinds should be shot after they are full grown. They both leave many of their progeny behind before they arrive at such an age. This would save a lot of inbreeding in both cases. By all means the old ones should be weeded out."

It is obvious that this remark that "both stags and hinds should be shot after they are full grown" touches on a rather different and very debatable point, and one on which the weight of common opinion is rather opposed to the view quoted here; for if there is one argument voiced more strongly than another it is that the good stags should be spared, and this means virtually that they should be allowed to continue in the forest until old age, if not to the natural term of their life. To return to the question more immediately before us, it is evident from the views quoted—and more to the like effect on the one side as well as on the other might be given—that the whole matter is fraught with a good deal of difficulty. It is generally allowed that more hinds should be shot than are shot, although there are a few who are against all hind-shooting. They are, however, in a small minority. But of the rest the opinion stands somewhat balanced; there is this advantage in sparing the "yeld" hinds, that it means the probable sparing of those which are most likely to have strong and early calves. But if they are to be spared it has to be at the expense of killing hinds with a following of calves which run the risk of perishing in consequence of their orphaned condition. Some of those who favour the sparing of "yeld" hinds would be ready enough, no doubt, with the answer: "Let the poor orphans perish," or, rather, "prevent their prospective sufferings with a comparatively merciful bullet"; but there are many also who would shrink from such a course as this. That the old hinds and bad hinds should, so far as possible, be shot down seems a view which commends itself generally, but further than that it is hardly to be said that any strong consensus exists as to the best course to pursue with regard to this problem, which is unquestionably one of the first importance in connection with the improvement of the stock of deer on the forests, although its importance has been far too much overlooked for a great many years.

### A CURIOUS MODE OF BEATING UP GAME.

IN the Argentine Republic, which is suffering rather grievously from the enormous numbers of the Belgian hares, imported originally by some thoughtless German settler, and now overspreading the country in legions, they

adopt a rather curious method of beating the pampas. A long wire is attached at each end to the cinches of two horses which are led along at such a distance apart as to keep the wire at a moderate stretch, permitting it to sweep the ground as the horses drag it along. The grass swarms with quail and hares, which the wire starts from their hiding-places—these hares do not make burrows, although they will often avail themselves of the hole of a prairie dog or a ground 'possum—and the guns, following on behind the wire, shoot the quail as they rise and the hares as they leave their forms.

#### INTRODUCING HARES TO FRESH GROUND.

Few of us are so young as to be unable to remember the time when we were told that the hare was an animal bound to disappear from our coverts as a consequence of the passing of the Ground Game Act, and when jocular references to the wisdom of stuffing specimens for the local museums of antiquities before the creature became extinct were a common form of wit. Nevertheless, the hare has held its own well, and has, without much doubt, increased in numbers. For all that, it is certain that hares are rather particular in their tastes, and have an instinct for "homing" if they are transferred to another ground not too far remote from their own, especially if the new locality does not furnish them with just what they require in the way of food. A good many people have been disappointed, when they have stocked their ground with hares, to find that these declined to stay where they were placed. It is strongly recommended that in a country where it is decided to introduce them, a crop of the roots, or other food which they like especially, be allowed to stand, or even be planted for their special provender, if necessary, near the place on which they are

turned out. Otherwise, they may be seen, as we are told that they have been, lolloping along the high road on a moonlight night in a big company, returning to their home ground. But there are suspicions that the men who saw this remarkable sight had been "dining." Of course these comments apply much more to turning down hares on ground on which there are, for the moment at all events, no native hares. There is no great difficulty about making an exchange of bucks in order to change the blood from one place to another, even if the places are not very far apart (and it is an excellent thing to do), provided that they will find themselves, when they are turned out, among some of their own kind. It makes all the difference.

#### HARDY RABBITS.

We hear a good deal in praise of the hardiness and general well-doing of the rabbits which have had any cross with the blood of the race of white rabbits which seems to have been first introduced in England into the East Sutton Park coverts in Kent. They are not an albino variety, nor pink-eyed, and cross readily with our common rabbit, imparting their characteristics to the stock so strongly that in a few years it becomes quite unusual to see an all-brown rabbit in any covert where a few of the East Sutton Park white ones have been introduced. Another variety which is sometimes tried takes the form of a cross with the "silver-greys" of Vaynol. This is a cross which produces fine handsome rabbits, but according to all accounts they have not the same hardiness as the crosses with the white. It adds to the amusement of rabbit-shooting and to the general liveliness of a covert that all the bunnies should not be dressed in the same rather sombre "suling."

## ON THE GREEN.

### CLUBMAKING—"SOCKET" v. "SCARE."

IT has been suggested to me that a short article on the above subject might be of interest to a considerable number of readers, and this suggestion is further strengthened by the fact that a question constantly asked is which is the better method of fastening head and shaft together. I had the pleasure a short time ago of expressing my views to a well-known golfer, and, I must acknowledge, one who kept me to my points, and who would not allow any part of the conversation to "hold water" that was not sufficiently backed up by good solid argument. Let it be distinctly understood at the commencement that I do not for a moment wish to put forward any opinion as to whether a longer drive can be obtained from any one particular method of union than from another. My opinion is given simply on what I consider the best joint, if one might term it so, for fastening shafts to heads of golf clubs. Bearing the former necessary explanation in mind, I have not the least hesitation in stating that the "socket" method is by far the best for strength, durability and neatness.

To secure the great essentials—viz., strength and durability—absolute contact between head and shaft is necessary. By this I mean that it is just as needful for the shaft to be fitting tightly at the bottom of the socket as at the top; but, alas, I regret to say that this is not always so, for I have noticed in some cases where an old head has been taken off, to be replaced by a new one, that an extra quantity of glue has had to do duty for what should have been good solid wood.

To get this absolute contact, to my way of thinking, is the one difficulty in the method, for it is almost impossible to get it unless some mechanical assistance is used. The clubmaker who has to depend on the rasp and file for rounding up the "spill" to fit the socket is severely handicapped. Those only are in the "master" position who have a lathe with the necessary apparatus, or those who can hit on some instrument by which they can make sure that the spill fits tightly from top to bottom. So far as I am concerned myself, I have no lathe, but I have discovered a means by which I have not the slightest difficulty in making the spill fit the socket dead true from top to bottom. These are no idle words, for I proved conclusively to the golfer previously referred to that I could do so, and that every time without fail. I might say here that I find it is necessary to have the spill so tight that it will not reach the bottom of the socket by about a quarter of an inch, that is, before the glue is put on, for the lubricating effect of the hot glue and the extra pressure one uses in finally fixing the head to the shaft, makes it needful to have this allowance made to ensure the spill just reaching the bottom of the socket, and so jamming itself as tightly as possible.

I will now try to prove what I have previously said to be correct. Let us first take the block from which the head is shaped and note carefully the grain of the wood. One will not fail to see that the grain runs across the face in a diagonal, or nearly so, i.e., from the bottom left of the face to the top right of the face. (Of course, in a left-handed club it would be just the opposite.) This grain also runs on the same line across the neck. Now it necessarily follows that the neck of the club is its weakest part, owing to the grain being short where least substance can be left, as this part of the club has to be rounded down so that the neck may die down to the shaft properly. Now, I contend that in the socket club a far greater strength is given to the neck than

it would have in the old method of "scaring," for the simple reason that for the cross grain of the neck is substituted the straight tough grain of the hickory of the shaft, which runs straight through the cross grain of the neck, down into the body of the head, or, if wished, even out through the "sole." This substituting of the straight grain for the cross grain is the whole gist of the matter, for it cannot be denied that a straight-grained piece of wood is much more difficult to break asunder than a cross-grained piece, even if the latter possesses greater bulk, to say nothing of the far greater toughness of hickory as compared with that of the wood of which heads of to-day are mostly composed.

Here my point of absolute contact comes in, for it necessarily follows that if the cross grain of the neck and head is thoroughly backed up by the straight grain of the shaft a far greater shock can be given to the joint, without detriment to it, than if flat places are left on the shaft and the resulting hollows are filled with glue. Much less need be said to prove the superior durability of the socket method. There is no shadow of a doubt in my mind on the point. At a very low estimate, I think one might say that for every shaft of the socket clubs that need re-gluing, twenty of the scared ones would have to be done. The reason is obvious, for in the socket club the joint is protected from the changes of the weather by a solid coating of wood, whereas in the older method the only protection the joint had was that supplied by the whipping and a few coats of varnish.

To come to the last point of my contention, which is that of neatness. There is no question as to which has the better appearance. Different players may, for reasons of their own, stick to the old scare club, and who is there that shall blame them if they feel so disposed? I am aware that an argument has been brought against the socket club that the spring of the shaft is of necessity too near the head, but my opinion is that there is nothing whatever to justify this contention. The quality of the wood demanded for shafts at the present time allows the skilful workman to put the spring practically at any point, if spring is needed; for one almost invariably finds that the shaft is smaller, say, 2in. or 3in. above the socket than at the point where the shaft leaves it. It can be readily seen that it is only necessary to leave more bulk of shaft near the head to strengthen that particular part of the shaft, and so secure the required stiffness.

J. ROWE, Professional, Ashdown Forest.

#### THE LONDON PRESS GOLFING SOCIETY AT WALTON HEATH.

THERE could not have been a more difficult day for golf, saving heavy lashing rain or thick snow, than the day on which the Press Golfing Society played for the prizes given by Mr. George Riddell. There was a very strong wind, but what made the chief difficulty was the glare from a low winter sun glinting out under a dark cloud, reflected off every wet blade of grass (for it had been raining heavily), and nearly putting out one's eye as one tried to fasten it on the ball all the first half. Bogey (whose eye nothing can put out) had a great day. The nearest any of us could come to him was four down; and two pairs, myself and Mr. Stuart Paton for one, and Mr. Frank Newnes, M.P., and Mr. Beldam, the Middlesex cricketer and ubiquitous photographer, for the other, achieved this. It was entirely my own fault, for playing horribly for the first seven holes, that we were so many down. The union between publisher and writer—Mr. Paton is the former—is very close and formidable in these days, and is expected shortly to set *The Times* on fire (the correct version of the proverb commonly quoted as setting the Thames on fire), but in the afternoon Mr. Paton did not putt with his

accustomed brilliancy, and the other pair, playing very steadily and holing off the iron now and then, beat us easily, and took the prize.

#### LENGTH OF SANDWICH COURSE.

With regard to the mistake which I had committed in the figures (quoting them as supplied to me) of the length of the first half of the present Sandwich course from the medal tees—a mistake which I have already admitted in general terms—it has now been pointed out to me by an authority which I have every reason to trust that the mistake consisted in giving the distance of that first half as 2,258 yds., whereas it should have been 2,558 yds. It is just possible that the "medal tees" may not have been taken as precisely identical in making the one estimate and the other, but for all that it is hardly likely that the difference could account for such a large number of yards, which has evidently arisen from a clerical or a printer's error.

#### SCOTTISH OCTOGENARIANS AT GOLF.

In a winter so mild as the present, the Scottish edition of the octogenarian foursome had very bad luck in settling for their match a day which proved cruelly cold. The united ages of the players were a little more than the united ages of the North Devon players. Mr. Thomson, the oldest, is in his ninetieth year; Mr. Doleman (a name well known in golf) is just turned eighty. These two, oldest and youngest, were in partnership against Mr. W. Currie, who is within a month of eighty-seven, and Mr. J. Bennett, who is eighty-five. The latter pair had rather an easy win in the match, which was played on the Musselburgh links; but it is said that Mr. Thomson has been playing golf only ten years or so. He therefore took it up at about eighty—a noble example! The caddies made an interesting group—Bob Ferguson, thrice open champion, and his brother, J. Campbell, father of the late Willie Campbell, and "Fiery," very well known in the East of Scotland golf resorts. The next match which we may now, perhaps, expect is an octogenarian, international, home-and-home foursome at Westward Ho and Musselburgh.

#### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AT WOKING.

While octogenarians thus disported themselves in Scotland, Cambridge undergraduates were playing a drawn game at Woking against the local club. The Cambridge best suffered badly at the hands of the Woking best, Mr. Barry, Mr. Allen and Mr. Potter all going down before Mr. Frank Mitchell, Mr. Mansfield Hunter and Mr. R. Mitchell, respectively. But these three matches were all that the club won, and of the rest Cambridge won three and halved two, so that the result was a draw, as aforesaid. With this faculty of the Cambridge tail to turn the balance against such a strong side as Woking had, the chance of Oxford for the Inter-University match does not look very bright.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE DOG AS CADDIE.

"THE dog as caddie" has more than a fantastic interest for all classes of golfers. The question whether the dog can be substituted for the present race of caddies who attach themselves to public and private golf courses, touches one of the repellent social blots which cynical critics of the game and its organisation are so fond of casting in the faces of its adherents. These critics denounce golf as a demoralising game, not from the point of view of the player's own recreation on the links, but because the playing of it necessarily entails the presence and constant attendance of a class who carry the clubs and drift inevitably more and more into hangers-on of the casual type. The schoolboy, they say, begins somewhere towards the close of his attendance at school to carry clubs on the links, first as a relaxation and because he loves the game, and, secondly, because the money earned is a useful help to his father and mother. But when the time comes for the boy to choose either an agricultural or an industrial career, the free life of the links, the abundant leisure and the ease with which a fair day's wage can be earned, are all inducements which constrain him to choose the line of an easier life, to play truant, to neglect mental culture, and eventually to show a rooted aversion

to the learning of any craftsmanship. The boy, indeed, grows to be a confirmed caddie: a consumer and not a producer of wealth, and too often it is to be deplored that he becomes a flagrant loiterer, who has imbibed the worst principles of ethics in the code of the irregular liver. That, at any rate, has been the trend of the criticism directed against golf and its atmosphere on the public links in Scotland; and all golfers who know the past history of the game in the North, and the methods by which the ranks of the caddies have been recruited, will acknowledge that there is solid foundation for the complaint of those who place a finger on this black spot. In England the evils of the caddie question have not become so patent, for the golfing period of history here has been shorter, and the organisation of the caddie system has been more energetically grappled with. Private courses abound more numerous in England than they do in Scotland; and where executives are enabled to exercise selection, control, and supervision of behaviour the most captious critic cannot complain that the caddie, as an indispensable accompaniment of the game, is either an evil or a social eyesore. But when everything has been said in mitigation of the caddie system everywhere it remains, unfortunately, too true that it gives an opening for the ne'er-do-well and the chronic and incompetent idler to rub along life's pathway with careless indifference, and absolutely heedless of anything like the application imposed by an industrial test.

But the chance of being able to use the intelligence, the honesty, the clinging affection of the dog as a caddie in the future opens up the prospect of endless possibilities of reform. "Of the dog in ancient history, many a pleasant tale is told," but no more pleasing or hopeful tale can be told to the golfer than that which records how the dog has been trained to carry his clubs round the links, and to behave himself with stolid gravity throughout the ups and downs of a match. A Manchester paper a short time ago published an illustration showing a species of greyhound saddled with golf clubs, each club having its own leather horizontal scabbard, and the whole weight of the pack being distributed in a leather frame hanging on each side of the spine. A lady golfer at Bala, Philadelphia, has trained her dog—a Russian Borzoi—to carry her clubs, and she is more than satisfied with the change. That the movement to train the dog for golf has made progress, so far, will at least be a welcome revelation to all golfers who are lovers of the species; and the comment which instinctively arises in the mind when the picture of the dog caddie is presented to the eye is an expression of wonder that the reform has not been thought of before, far less attempted as a practical solution of the caddie problem. Many individual golfers in districts where caddies have been scarce and the ground difficult have trained their dogs (generally fox-terriers) to trace out their balls in whins, in thick grass, or when they have been blown over a high sand cliff, like that at Cromer. A little oil of aniseed dropped in the sponge used for cleaning the balls gave the dog a good lead in



THE CAPTAIN OF THE PRESS GOLFING SOCIETY.



JOURNALISTS AT PLAY.

his work of recovery, and the players who used their pets in this informal fashion often found that, instead of one ball being brought back, doggie, as often as not, brought three or four stray balls during the same search. Hitherto, however, a vigorous feud has been waged against the dog on the golf links. The spirit which has animated the golfing public against the dog as a sharer of a match might be summed up in the phrase "to be shot at sight." He was too alert, too active, too prone to bark in derision at elaborate waggings on the tee, too sinfully inclined to hunt and caper with the running ball, too fond of leaving the hall-mark of his teeth all over the outer shell. The man who missed his putt and then shook his fist at "the confounded skylark" had absolutely nothing to complain of compared with the man who saw his ball in course of rolling gently into the hole caught up in the mouth of a frolicsome dog at the last half-inch and carried a hundred yards away to the bent, to be gnawed like a bone into a shapeless mass.

Like most other things in life it is a question of education and training. The untutored dog has at present every golfing hand against him, and his presence on the links is a signal for an angry hue and cry. But by nature and inherent intelligence of brain and moral capacity to discriminate between right and wrong "the dog caddie" would soon become the friend and inalienable companion of every golfer. In this prospect of making the dog carry the golfer's clubs with the sweet reasonableness of a County Council school urchin there lies a fruitful field of usefulness open to the dog-breeder and the dog-trainer. A dog that could carry clubs round the links with the grave docility of a senator administering justice, and recover lost balls with the exultant dexterity of a conjurer, would be worth his weight in gold. The dog would always be at heel, watching his master's eye, and ready in an instant to obey the slightest signal. He would not linger behind fifty yards gambolling with another dog while you impatiently waited for your putter, nor would he say rude and scurrilous things of you behind your back as a protest against your just remonstrance at inattention. He would be patient and submissive in all weathers, finding it neither too hot nor too cold, neither too wet nor too dry. He would not yield you grudging and reluctant service for a rate of pay out of all proportion to the poor amount of service rendered; neither would he turn a bright half-crown over in a dirty palm and grumble at you as an inexorable skinflint. The dog caddie would be a veritable Argus to every golfing Odysseus. Gold could not buy him to play the Judas to his master, nor would he ever be guilty of the human perfidy of wilfully losing your ball to-day and selling it to you to-morrow with an air of conscious and reluctant self-sacrifice. To the bad players who hit their balls with impartial selection across cover-point into the bushes, or round square-leg into the brook, the dog caddie would come as a saviour from homicidal outbreaks of temper, an inciter to worthier efforts, and a rescuer from premature insolvency threatened by the loss of balls. His honest eye would never express cynical contempt or profound disgust, nor would his general demeanour indicate the self-abasement that was being voluntarily borne in carrying implements for such a lowly performer apparently unfamiliar with their proper use. Above all, he would have a vigilant care of the demeanour of the other dog, who would have to keep his distance, and be chary of overstepping the limits of a discreet and courteous decorum. And what would be his reward—what, indeed, is all that he would expect? A kindly caress of his honest head, a softly spoken word of gratitude and encouragement, and "a bicker of stiff brose" at the end of the journey. Yes, there is truth in the pronouncement of Sir Walter Scott, which golfers may yet recognise when the dog caddie has become, maybe in the days that are dawning, a settled institution: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, has invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit." His mental qualities are higher than those of any other animal associated with the domestic life of mankind. He was a sacred animal and an object of adoration among the Egyptians thousands of years before the birth of Christ. The Assyrians and the Israelites have sculptured his image on imperishable monuments in gratitude not only for his domestic companionship, but for his invaluable aid in battle. The French, the German, the Swiss and the American armies of to-day are training and using the intelligence of English and Scottish breeds for outpost duty at night, and as aids in ambulance work during the horrors of a modern battle. The Greeks used his sagacity at Marathon, and his manifold virtues, as the most faithful of man's companions, have been celebrated in the literatures of all nations and depicted in art by many of the greatest of the world's painters and sculptors.

I am not forgetful of the objection that is likely to be urged that to turn the dog into a golf caddie would be against the law. Ever since 1839 the use of dogs as beasts of burden has been illegal in this country, and it would be pleaded that to train even a big and muscular dog to carry golf clubs under humane conditions would savour of cruelty. That all depends on the point of view. If the correspondent who but recently wrote a wail to

a contemporary about the tendencies of golf towards recruiting the swelling army of the unemployed is anxious to get rid of that social evil, perhaps his influence would be cast into the scale to convince the authorities that a few words in a Dogs Act empowering the granting of a special licence to golf clubs, even with an increased dog tax, would be neither cruel nor impolitic. The critics of the present caddie system cannot have it both ways; and here is a feasible remedy suggested under humane and safeguarded precautions. What kind of dog would be most fitted for the carrying of clubs it would not be easy to settle off hand. Experiment and trial would have to be resorted to in order to determine the best and most docile breed, and whether Luath or Cæsar should be chosen. The Newfoundland might be too big, and the collie too quarrelsome. Perhaps something sturdy, athletic and intelligent, like the dogs to be seen drawing the bakers' vans and milk carts in Flanders, would be the best.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BLACK FALLOW DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—My colleague Mr. Lydekker tells me, in answer to my request for information, that the dark race of *C. dama* in the Duke of Bedford's park freely interbreeds with the spotted form. In this they appear to differ from other herds, such as that referred to by Mr. Gordon Cameron. It may be, therefore, that when kept under more artificial conditions they break with the traditions of their tribe. Thus, then, this correspondence has done some good by bringing to light new facts. It would be interesting to find out whether the environment of the herds has anything to do with their change of habit, and, also, to what extent the offspring of these crosses are changed with regard to colour and shape of horns.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on dark and spotted fallow deer, the following may be of interest. There is a park in the West of England where the deer have always, as far as is known, been spotted. The park was in existence, at any rate, early in the seventeenth century. The last two years a black buck has paid autumnal visits to this park. He is larger than the local deer and older; the keeper says he is ten years old. The local deer are killed, if possible, before they reach eight years. Several combats have been noticed by the keepers and a lodge-keeper between the black buck and the local bucks, the arena chosen being frequently and unluckily a golf green. He has always been victor, and is now, when present, master of the other bucks, and has the largest following of does. Last spring the keeper found several fawns were black. This buck is alleged to have come from a park eight miles off, where the deer are all black. During the summer he is absent from the park, living, I believe, in the woods adjoining. I know another park not far distant where the deer are half spotted and half dark. The subject seems to be one of interest, and I will make more enquiries on the spot.—W. F. C.

### AN OLD EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of the epitaph quoted in your "Literary Notes." It was written by that much-neglected poet Francis Quarles, about 1640; it is in his book of "Divine Fancies," the third book and sixty-ninth fancy, each book containing 100 or more fancies. I think I have all, or nearly all, of his writings. If ever you are at Surbiton I shall be glad to show you the same.

### ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day:  
Some only break their fast, and so away;  
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;  
The deepest Age but Sups, and goes to Bed;  
He's most in debt, that lingers out the Day;  
Who dies betime, has less, and less to pay.

—T. SUTTON.

### POISONED GRAIN ON A SHOOTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The farmers on the estate which I shoot over have on one or two occasions recently used poisoned grain, sown broadcast, for the purpose of diminishing the number of rooks, which have become a perfect pest to them. The practice is, of course, illegal, and is likely to wipe out the partridges in the neighbourhood. The poison, however (strychnine), seems to act differently upon different birds. We have found larks and rooks dead quite near the poison with only a pea or two of wheat in their crops; but we have not picked up dead partridges in the immediate vicinity of the poison, and those that have been picked up had become quite thin, leading to the conclusion that they had taken the poison some time before. Is there any explanation of this difference in the period of action of the poison?—E. R. M.

### SKIN DISEASE IN TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I should be grateful if you could give me advice as to the treatment of a rough-haired terrier that is greatly troubled with some form of skin disease; everything tried so far has failed. He is constantly rubbing and scratching his back until it bleeds, and is at present rolling on the gravel in front of my window to relieve the irritation. We gave up dog biscuit some weeks ago, and put him on meat alone, and then meat and melox; but he is just as bad as ever. The local veterinary surgeon has given the case up as hopeless. He is five years old and otherwise quite healthy, and is constantly out of doors.—H.

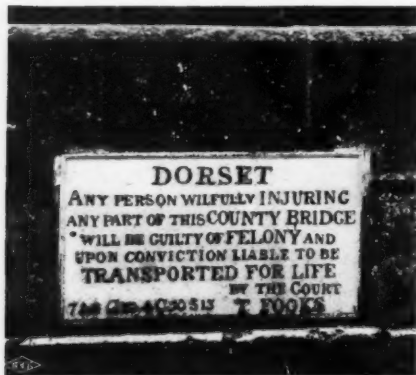
[Without seeing the animal in question it is almost impossible to suggest a remedy likely to be of use. The following treatment may, however, be

beneficial, and can do no harm: Wash thoroughly with soft soap and warm water; dress the dog all over with the following lotion—slaked lime, 1lb.; flowers of sulphur, 1lb.; water, 1gal.; boil down to half a gallon, strain, and add another quart of cold water. Repeat the dressing, if necessary, but the dog should again be washed before doing so. Give the dog a dose of purgative medicine, and when the action of the purge has ceased commence with a tablespoonful night and morning, before feeding, of the following mixture: Tincture of cinchona bark, 1oz.; Fowler's solution of arsenic, 2dr.; cream of tartar, 2dr.; syrup of lemon, 1oz.; water, 8oz. Thoroughly wash and scrub with the first recipe kennel, mats, rugs, or anything used by the dog. Keep a stick of sulphur in the drinking-trough, and give beetroot boiled and chopped up in food. Dress the sores with vaseline and flowers of sulphur mixed in equal parts. Diet: No meat the first week; biscuit boiled in plain soup or gravy, and bread and milk with a little flowers of sulphur in it, if the patient will eat it. Follow on with wholesome food, avoid

greasy substances, and be careful to prevent his picking about in refuse heaps. In any case, the treatment must be continued, and it is essential to keep the dog's blood in a healthy condition.—ED.]

#### OTHER TIMES OTHER MANNERS

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—Enclosed please find photograph of notice affixed to a bridge at



Bridport. It certainly would act as a terror to the evil-doer were it read. But, curiously enough, scarcely anybody is conscious of its existence.—A. R. MACGREGOR.

#### THE WILES OF THE HUNTED STAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing you an account of a recent incident with the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, which I hope you may find useful for your columns. The meet was at Comer's Gate. The tufters were taken to Bradley Ham, where great difficulty was experienced in finding a warrantable stag, owing to the enormous extent of covert in the Barle Valley. I was not hunting on this day, but rode on to Anstey Moor about ten o'clock on the chance of seeing something of the hounds should they come that way. On looking through my field-glasses across to Winsford Hill, which is about three miles distant as the crow flies, I could see hounds running back across the hill towards Contest Plantation. Dismounting, and standing beside my horse, I watched them carefully for a few minutes. Suddenly I heard something galloping up from behind. Glancing round across my horse's back, I was astonished to see a very heavy stag coming along looking as if he had had a good bustling. He passed within about 20yds. without perceiving me, probably taking my horse for one of the numerous Exmoor ponies which roam about on the moorland. Pulling up short, he trotted round in a circle of about 5yds. diameter. Then continuing on his way for about 200yds. he repeated his manoeuvre. He cantered on for a short distance, and struck the cart track which leads down beside Venford Hedge to the top of Slade Bridge Hill, pursuing the track almost to the point where it joins the road. He then turned round, walked up the path on his own tracks for 300yds. and, striking off at right angles, pointed for Longstone Combe. After dodging about in the heather and completing several more circles on his way, the stag descended one of the small combes opposite Zeal Farm to the Danesbrook, and there soiled. Emerging from the river on the same side, he galloped back over the heather on a line forming the base of the arc in which he had taken his course from the road to the river, and jumped out into the road within 200yds. of where he had doubled on his own tracks. Here I lost sight of him. All this had probably not occupied more than 10min., during which I had slightly moved my position to keep the stag in sight. Riding slowly back over the hill again towards the place where I first stood, and thinking over this interesting sight, I thought I heard a hound speak, and presently saw a single hound steadily working out the line. When he came to the places where the deer had trotted round in a circle he was much puzzled; nevertheless, owing to it occasionally, he worked out every inch of the line up to the point where the stag had doubled on his own tracks, and then was forced to give it up. I could not resist getting him back on the line again, and was rewarded by seeing him work it out up to the point where I had last seen the stag. Then he took the line the whole way along the road almost to Venford Farm, where he disappeared into the Barle Valley. This was evidently one of

the tufters which had found this old stag and had slipped away unnoticed. I afterwards learnt that the pack was laid on to a young stag which came out of Bradley Ham and over the hill through Contest Plantation, Exe Cleave and Haddon, being ultimately killed quite late in the day near Kingsbrompton. My stag was exceptionally dark in colour, and had only brow points, which, like the uprights, were long and curved. On relating my story to a farmer who had lived all his life in the vicinity of Hawkridge (that stronghold of the wild red deer) I was informed that, from my description, this stag was probably fourteen or fifteen years old. No doubt his cunning had served to baffle his pursuers in many a previous chase, and let us hope (without discredit to the pack) that he may live to give many another good run. This is not unlikely, for, after having lived (and no doubt been occasionally hunted) among the wild red deer of Exmoor for fourteen or fifteen years, he must know almost as much about the game as Sidney Tucker does.—ANSTEV.

#### A TAME BARN OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a tame barn owl. The bird lives in a disused stable. The door is kept shut, in case he should stray, but he makes no attempt to escape. He is fed every evening after dark, and is often at the window at this time awaiting the approach of his owner. On being called by name he gives his peculiar screech in reply and comes for his meal. The food consists of small pieces of raw meat mixed with feathers which have been chopped up small; a passable imitation of the bird's natural food is thus obtained. He is probably too well fed to trouble to catch mice; but he greatly appreciates a mouse that has been caught in a trap and killed. He is never very lively by day, and can be safely taken into the open. He sat excellently for his portrait, for the taking of which he was put on a convenient stump and given a mouse to occupy his mind.—B. H. BENTLEY.



#### EVERGREENS AT ST. CATHERINE'S COURT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The remark I made about the trimming of the Irish yews was no criticism of the way in which it had been done. One sees on every hand in this beautiful garden with what reverent and loving care it is tended by the gardener; and his method in dealing with these trees is no doubt the most careful that is possible. The point of my remark, which I am glad to repeat, is that the Irish yew is already so symmetrical in its natural way of growth, that it is best left untrimmed; especially as, when cut, it will only grow into one shape—that of a lamp-chimney.—GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

#### THE ESKDALE AND ENNERDALE HUNT TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Good working terriers are difficult to obtain suitable for the arduous work entailed upon the animals which form part of a pack of Fell foxhounds. The Master is very careful in his choice of these terriers, with which, as a rule, he is very successful. Some of the terriers that do the terrier work of his famous

pack of Fell foxhounds are of the white-haired breeds, while others (and these preponderate) are of the stock for which he is celebrated—animals with rough, greyish coats and wonderful jaws, and perhaps a dash of Bedlington in their remote ancestry. At any rate they are keen sportsmen. One of these little terriers, Dobbie by name, tackled single-handed and killed a fox which the hounds had driven into a den, soon after the opening of the season this year. The picture shows some of Tommy Dobson's infant terrier stock.—F.

